



Américas

THIS SPINNING WORLD see page 21



Américas

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Dear Reader

When Colombia deposited its instrument of ratification on December 13, the OAS Charter came into full force. It had been signed by the representatives of the twenty-one governments of the New World at the Ninth International Conference of American States, in April 1948. The process of ratification of a treaty by twenty-one congresses is usually very slow. In this case it is not yet concluded. So far, fourteen nations, or the required two thirds, have ratified the Charter. However, it is probable that now the process will be speeded up, for, with the document in force, complex legal situations will be created for the States that have not yet ratified it.

It has been almost sixty-two years since the international organization of the American countries had its beginning at the First Conference in Washington. Actually, it is well that it has only now acquired its constitution, as we might call it. For if they had tried to give it such a definite form at the beginning, it would have been very weak and subject to constant correction that would have reduced its importance. Only the maturity inter-American policy has attained in our day could make possible such a decisive and advanced step as was taken at Bogotá. Furthermore, it was essential that the principles of the inter-American association first be accepted without qualification by all the States—including, of course, the principle of non-intervention, which is the keystone of the new structure and which won unanimous recognition for the first time in 1933 at the Montevideo Conference. Since then, our international society has made rapid progress. By the time of the Chapultepec Conference in 1945, unanimous acceptance was obtained for the obligations of Hemisphere solidarity, such as that of considering an act of aggression against any one of the American States—by any aggressor, even another American State—as aggression against them all. This principle culminated in the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance, the first regional mutual defense pact drawn up in accordance with Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, and a model for the North Atlantic Pact.

As the organization itself preceded its written constitution by many years, so also the Charter came provisionally into effect long before being ratified by two thirds of the States. A special resolution of the Bogotá Conference provided for this, and the nomenclature and composition of the organs established in the Charter were adopted in the interim. So the new development will not actually change the situation as it has existed since 1948.

Nevertheless, the legal validation of the bonds that unite them in the common interest of peace and solidarity is of real significance to the governments and peoples of America. Many previous inter-American conventions never obtained the needed ratifications to go into effect. But perhaps, if they had, the Organization would not have crystallized into the excellent forms established in the Charter.

It is obvious that the American governments today are more concerned than ever with fully developing their obligations of continental solidarity. The rapid and complete ratification of the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, and the Charter that has now come into effect, are proof of that.

Alberto Lleras
Secretary General

Opposite: Virgin of Merced, eighteenth-century Cuzco School oil. From Pál Kelemen's book, Baroque and Rococo in Latin America. (See page 39)

CONTRIBUTORS



Born in 1888 in Queluz, São Paulo State, of schoolteacher parents, JOÃO BAPTISTA DE MELLO E SOUZA is eminently fitted to write about his countryman Silvio Romero, the great Brazilian patriot, philosopher, and thinker. Taught at home until the age of eleven, the writer of "Brazilian Socrates" then attended the Colegio Pedro II in Rio de Janeiro, where he studied the humanities. A precocious student, he received his bachelor of law degree in 1910 from the School of Law, also in Rio. Since then he has been an official of the Ministry of Justice and editor of the newspaper *O Imparcial*, but a strong inclination for teaching soon led him back into the field of education. In addition to conducting history classes at the Colegio Pedro II since 1926, Dr. Mello e Souza is professor of literature at the Instituto de Educação, and of American history at the Instituto Lafayette's school of philosophy.



This month Puerto Rico's official historian, ADOLFO DE HOSTOS, gives AMERICAS readers a glimpse of the pre-Columbian farmers of the Caribbean islands and their mysterious "Gods of the Garden." Since 1922, when he won a scholarship to the American School for Prehistoric Studies in France, the author has specialized in Hemisphere history, especially its more unusual aspects. In 1937 he was director of the Caparra excavations on his native island; in 1942 he went to Havana as a member of the first National History Congress, and in 1946 to Honduras as a delegate to the International Conference of Caribbean Archaeologists. Madrid saw him in 1949 at the First Ibero-American History Congress, and his other travels, *causa historiae*, have taken him everywhere from Buenos Aires to The Hague. Mr. Hostos is also director of Puerto Rico's Office of Historical Archives.

Long familiar to all readers of book criticism is HERSCHEL BRICKELL, who wrote "Writers' Workshop," a description of an enterprising literary group flourishing in Mexico City. As editor of Doubleday's annual volume of *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*, he is a particularly shrewd judge of new talent. Mr. Brickell was at one time Senior Cultural Relations Officer at the U.S. Embassy in Bogotá, but has been primarily associated with newspapers. After editing the daily book column in *The New York Post* for more than twelve years, he later became general editor at Henry Holt and Company, publishers. Today he is on a five-month tour of the Caribbean and South America under the combined auspices of the State Department and the Rockefeller Foundation.



LUIS GUILLERMO PIAZZA, an Argentine lawyer, professor, and writer who tells us about a "New Government for Uruguay," is with the Pan American Union's International Law Department as legal adviser on Latin American matters. Although he was born in Córdoba, Argentina, he has always been an enthusiastic admirer of Uruguay, the "small country with big ideas." A graduate of ancient Monserrat College, he took his law and language degrees at the University of Córdoba and later taught at both institutions. A scholarship in political science at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island, lured him away from South America; but in 1948 he returned to stay for some time—notably in Uruguay—before assuming his present duties.



Well qualified to speak "Of Manners and Morals" in Cuba is the young Havana professor and literary critic SALVADOR BUENO. A specialist in all forms of insular expression from the *costumbristas* of the past down to the literary lights of the present, Dr. Bueno has served as a judge in many a writing contest. A professor at the University of Havana summer school and an instructor at the Institute of Secondary Instruction, he published a panorama of Cuban literature in 1950.



Cuban-born ELENA VINADÉ RONAN shuffles us off to Buffalo in "Heigh-ho, Come to the Fair," a nostalgic return to the 1901 Pan American Exposition with its impressive exhibits from all over the Hemisphere, fabulous midway, and dazzling display of all the fantastic gewgaws and gadgets of the time. In the course of her work as researcher for the *Encyclopedia Americana*, Mrs. Ronan is always coming across such little known or long forgotten subjects. Educated in the United States, she was graduated in 1944 from New York University's Washington Square College, where she majored in economics. But her university connections didn't stop there. She married Professor William John Ronan of NYU.

As a free-lance writer for *The New York Times* and *Newsweek* and special correspondent for *Visión* and the McGraw-Hill publications in Peru, New York-born MALCOLM K. BURKE is obliged to cover a lot of territory. Recently he completed a nineteen-day journey into a remote, lonely, and virtually uncharted region of the ancient land of the Incas. "Andean Backwaters" is the log of his trip. Thirty-six years old and a U.S. Navy veteran, Mr. Burke went to Peru over four years ago as assistant secretary-general of the Peru-North America Cultural Institute.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the organization.



At the heart of Uruguayan democracy: the Legislative Palace in Montevideo

NEW GOVERNMENT FOR URUGUAY

Luis Guillermo Piazza

A SENSATIONAL PIECE OF NEWS began to circulate a few months ago: the presidency was about to be abolished in Uruguay and replaced by a Governing Council.

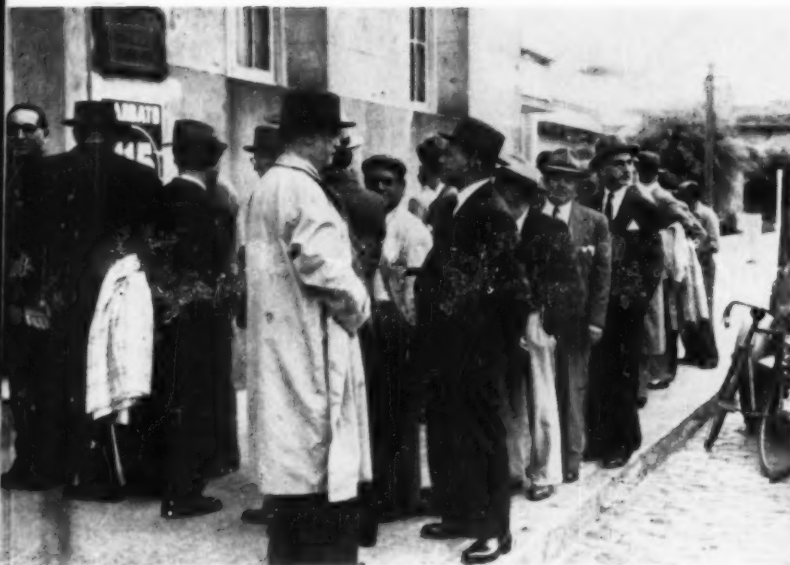
Here was something very different from the revolutions, earthquakes, and carnivals of Latin America—a region so picturesque in the accounts of certain correspondents and, by contrast, so colorless in its hundred-year struggle to adjust to imported institutions. Because it is continuous and impersonal, the newspapers, magazines, and technicolor movies do not record that struggle. But some day a historian-philosopher or historian-sociologist is bound to come along who will tell the story of democracy's effect on these peoples and, above all, of their effect on democracy.

This time the newspapers did comment. In Latin America, where strong personal leadership was traditional, a country was about to de-personalize the executive branch. A small country with big ideas was about to unseat the now classic figure of the all-powerful "*Señor Presidente*" described by Guatemala's Miguel Angel Asturias.

The journalists' accounts of the agreement between the two major parties, the discussion in parliament, the projected popular referendum, and so on, gradually gave people an idea of the constitutional changes Uruguay was contemplating. But many details were still not clear. How had this agreement between the parties been reached? Was it really possible that the current President would renounce his newly acquired post to permit the change? How would the new Council operate? Who would its members be? Would there still be ministers? Where had this innovation originated and what were the underlying reasons for it?

To find out, I went to the Uruguayan Embassy in Washington. There my friend Ambassador José A. Mora answered my questions with a directness appropriate to the ideals under discussion and provided all the necessary background material.

The concept of entrusting the executive branch to a council—or *Colegiado*, as it is usually called—has a long history. Way back in 1903 a citizen whose name was to become a political symbol succeeded to the presidency



For half a century, Uruguayan elections have been models of peaceful balloting. Popular referendum approved recent constitutional change



The press reaches the people at street-corner kiosk in the capital



Friendly Montevideans shop informally at open-air market

in Montevideo—José Batlle y Ordóñez. His election brought to an end a prolonged period of domestic strife, with its caudillos and irreconcilable factions, and relegated all the bloodshed to novels like Hudson's *The Purple Land*. A peaceful and progressive era began, bringing social reforms that anticipated by many years those of larger or less far-sighted American countries.

After his term ended, Batlle traveled through Europe collecting suggestions and ideas that he put into practice when the people re-elected him in 1911; many of these are still being applied today. Chief among the projects he was still working on when this second term ended was the idea of a governing council, inspired by the Swiss model.

Four years later the idea was accepted in modified form. The Constitution of 1919 divided the executive branch between a less-powerful President responsible for the functions of the Foreign Relations, Defense, and Interior ministries, and an Administrative Council entrusted with those of the other ministries. This two-headed executive necessarily moved slowly. Although the administration was generally considered honest, criticism of its relative inefficiency grew. This partial trial continued until 1933, when the Council was dissolved. The next year an election was held and the traditional presidency and cabinet were restored by a new Constitution, which remained in effect until now.

Meanwhile the Batllista party never abandoned the

cause of the *Colegiado*, and one day the miracle happened. The parties whose long struggle had even been tinged with blood—the *Colorado Batllismo* and the *Blanco Nacional*, the latter traditionally opposed to the idea of a governing council—signed a unique agreement. A bipartisan committee drew up a tentative constitution providing for a *Colegiado*. This was approved by the leaders of both parties and on August 28, 1951, was brought before the House of Representatives, which appointed a special committee of twenty-five members from all parties to study the project.

The text, as modified by the committee, was extensively debated in the House, approved in final form, and later ratified by the Senate. The popular referendum held on December 16 was the final step. Under the terms of the document as it now stands, the current President and Vice President will continue in office until March 1, 1952, when the executive branch will pass into the hands of the National Governing Council.

What are the basic elements of this pioneer institution? Two articles from the new Constitution give us the key:

The National Governing Council will consist of nine members elected directly, together with their alternates, by the people . . . for a four-year term . . . the whole Republic being considered as a single electoral unit. For the election of National Councillors the votes will be counted by party, tabulation by subdivisions of parties being prohibited.

Six of the Council posts will go to the party polling the most votes, and three to the one polling the second greatest number. The six majority posts will be awarded to the candidates on the list drawing the most votes within the party.... The other three posts will be distributed proportionately among candidates on all the lists of the minority party....

As was the case with the President in the old system, the National Councillors will not be eligible for re-election except after an intervening term. This will also apply to alternates who have replaced Councillors for more than a year, whether continuously or intermittently.

The Council so formed will represent the nation at home and abroad, and, working with the respective ministries, will perform the duties of a regular executive branch, such as:

Commanding all the armed forces.

Informing the legislative branch on the state of the nation at the beginning of its regular sessions and calling important problems to its attention.

Proposing new laws or modifications of old ones to the two Houses.

Receiving diplomatic representatives.

Breaking off diplomatic relations and, on orders from the General Assembly, declaring war.

Collecting and distributing revenues as provided by law.

Authorizing or forbidding the establishment of banks.

Negotiating and signing treaties, which must then be ratified by the legislature.

Granting industrial privileges in accordance with the laws.

But will the Councillors act as ministers? And will there be no distinction whatsoever between them? Or will one of them head the Council, exercising certain special prerogatives? Can the *Colegiado* achieve such unity?

All these problems were foreseen. The Council will be assisted by a cabinet of nine ministers, each with clear-cut responsibilities. The six majority-party members of the Council will each serve as Chairman for one year, in order of votes polled. In case of absence, vacancy, temporary impediments, or special permission of the Councillor concerned, the Chairman will be replaced by the man who drew the next largest vote. Substituting for a colleague will not prevent a Councillor from taking his own turn.

The Chairman will have the essential duty of representing the National Council. He will preside over its sessions and will sign resolutions and communications with the Council Secretary and the ministers concerned, and all working papers with the Secretary. Unless these requirements are fulfilled, no one will be obliged to obey his directives. The unified and impersonal nature of the *Colegiado* is clearly and definitively assured by the provision that "the National Councillors may not, indi-

(Continued on page 41)



Uruguay's General Assembly, or legislative branch, was not changed in constitutional reform. Its two chambers are the Senate (voting, at left) and the House of Representatives (in session below)



President Andrés Martínez Trueba, who helped abolish his own office



Opposition leader Luis Alberto de Herrera joined old adversaries in supporting Council plan



A ñáñigo, member of Afro-Cuban secret society. Patricio de Landaluze lithographs depict nineteenth-century island life

THOSE MODEST GENRE WRITERS known as the *costumbristas*, who flourished in Cuba during the nineteenth century, performed a signal service. They caught the physical, spiritual, and moral impress of the city and country *criollo* and gathered together deeply representative customs and mass habits—yesterday's customs, which are now disappearing in the mist of years.

Articles on Cuban customs date from the time our culture first began to take shape, in the middle of the eighteenth century. Quite eloquent passages are found in the famous *Papel Periódico*, founded in 1790 by the Spanish governor Luis de las Casas. There are others in Félix de Arrate's *Llave del Nuevo Mundo* (*Key to the New World*), one of our first historical works, in the chapter in which this Havana councillor speaks of "the tidiness and sedateness of its inhabitants." But *costumbrismo* in literature increases enormously as we enter the nineteenth century, paralleling the slow growth of the idea of nationhood and the aspiration toward the

of manners and morals

Nineteenth-century Cuban genre writers

recorded a now-vanished way of life

Salvador Bueno

Left: Neighborhood drunk is called *mascavidrios*—literally, "glass-eater"—in tribute to vessel in his right hand



political liberty already won by other Spanish American peoples.

The columns of the century's newspapers and magazines—*El Faro Industrial*, *El Album*, *El Aguinaldo Habanero*, *El Siglo*—are filled with scenes and images of customs. They are our spiritual link with the placid life of our grandfathers. Between the lines we glimpse the world of those long-ago Cubans with their cool, spacious colonial mansions, their excursions in chaises and carts, their innocent family gatherings. And, painfully and sadly, we come face to face with the repugnant spectacle of a society based on slave labor, on the suffering and oppression of thousands of men.

All parts of our country, the various segments of Cuban colonial society, the professions and occupations, the customs of town and countryside, the most picturesque figures, crowd these pages. There were two distinct types of articles—urban and rural. But satire and scoffing at customs developed early into an attack on the colonial political situation. The Spanish government was the indirect victim of these attacks, since the writers, Cuban-



Young blood woos fair maiden Spanish-style, at grilled window

born for the most part and with ideas of independence, did not limit themselves to describing the people's ways objectively, but considered defects of every sort—in public administration, in social practices, and so on—to be products of the Spanish governors' arbitrariness and mistakes.

Since the iron muzzle of censorship was impossible to break, these *costumbristas* hammered out a literary form suitable for sly denunciation and protest. The novelist Cirilo Villaverde, in his preface to José María Cárdenas y Rodríguez' *Artículos satíricos y de costumbres* (1847), notes that the author has been unable to carry his observations and commentary to their ultimate conclusion—which would be to find the faulty Spanish policy in Cuba at the root of many ugly customs. So it is not strange that another, later *costumbrista*, Luis Victoriano Betancourt, intersperses passages of vibrant revolutionary feeling amid criticism of the harmless vogue of wearing toupees.

Many novels, among them the principal ones of the first half of the century, are based on these pictures of customs. This is the case with the famous novel *Cecilia Valdés*, and with *El Penitente* and *Dos Amores* (*Two Loves*), all by Cirilo Villaverde, the best Cuban novelist of the period; with the short novels of Ramón de Palma; with *Francisco*, Anselmo Suárez y Romero's antislavery novel; with *Una Feria de la Caridad* (*A Charity Fair*), by José Ramón de Betancourt; and with many others. But I shall confine this work to the article writers.

It is hard to say who was chronologically our first nineteenth-century *costumbrista*. José Victoriano Betancourt and José María Cárdenas y Rodríguez were certainly among the first to write about customs extensively and with a degree of literary worth.

José Victoriano Betancourt, born in 1813 at Guanajay, in the western part of the island, was one of our best writers on customs. Renowned as a writer and lawyer, he gave proof of his ardent patriotism throughout his life, and in 1870, two years after the beginning of the first war for Cuban independence, went into exile. When he died in Mexico in 1875, two of his sons were fighting for liberation.

José Victoriano began to publish his articles in the magazine *La Cartera Cubana*, in 1838. Later they were collected into a book. In all of them both aims of the genre—to amuse and to moralize—are evident. Luckily, however, the writer maintains a balance between the two. The pleasure of reading him today is not diminished by his didactic anxiety for reform. His skilled pen describes customs that were even then beginning to disappear: *velar el mondongo*, *las tortillas de San Rafael*, and so on.

Velar el mondongo was the custom of meeting for all-night gambling, chatting, and dancing, on the pretext of eating, as Betancourt says, "the digestive apparatus of an ox or cow"—viscera that in Cuba are called *mondongo*. This was chiefly a country practice, observed on the sugar and coffee plantations. All the guests gathered to see the animal killed—but let Betancourt tell it:

"The bloody sacrifice is generally consummated at the sugar mill, but if there is a river or brook, its shore is preferred; the scene is usually illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun, and men and women, young people, old people, and children, clamorously crowd around; the men in their trousers with wide waistbands, broad-brimmed palm hats, and deerskin shoes; the women in simple costumes and wearing hose, which they put on only to go to Mass or to attend this solemn rite. The one who is to do the killing advances with his shirtsleeves rolled up to the shoulder, and sinks a sharp knife into his victims' necks. A young girl nearby holds an earthen basin in readiness, and scarcely has the beast been beheaded when she runs to catch in it the blood pouring from the wound, and stirs it with her hands to make *sangre quemada* ["burnt blood," a delicacy], puffing away all the while at a cigar she made herself and for which she planted and picked the tobacco." After this vivid scene, while the tripe was cooking, the games, merriment, and dancing began.

No less picturesque were the fiestas in Havana celebrating the day of San Rafael. Fairs were held around the Loma del Angel, near where the Presidential Palace stands today, and for several days huge crowds came to buy trinkets and tidbits, among them the famous *tortillas de San Rafael*. Let us see how Betancourt describes this: "On the corners near the Angel were the pastry stands with their little stoves and skillets and their boards covered with sausages, rolls, and tortillas, and everywhere were vendors crying, 'Little hot tortillas!' which the passersby hastened to buy and which bands of students snatched, organizing riots for the purpose in which more than one shoe was lost, more than one dress torn, and more than one veil, worn haughtily by some lively Salomé, ripped; but misfortune went no further than this; at most it only happened that some 'priest of Bacchus,' tired of making libations, appeared on the scene, was picked up by the constable, and went to sleep it off in the barracks."

But José Victoriano is at his best with universal types—figures like the pettifogging lawyer, the pedantic doctor, the old women healers, the old maids, and the usurer, revealing the eloquence of his invention in a multitude of epithets and titles. Like his master Quevedo, the penetrating Spanish satirist, he completes stroke by stroke a grotesque caricature. In this way he mockingly paints the pedantic doctor, called "Licenciado Sanguijuela" (Leech); the old maid, "arsenal of evil thoughts, perpetual spy on lovers, valise of gossip, archive of false witness, torment of nephews, etc., etc.," "Don Tragalón" (Glutton); "Don Crispín, the great bargain-driver"; Chuco Malatobo, "street urchin, loiterer, and professional gambler." Typically Cuban is his image of the *curros del manglar*, colored brigands who at that time were already disappearing. He frequently uses localisms, and tries to reproduce the speech of the *guajiros*, or rural whites, and the free and slave Negroes.

Betancourt's contemporary, José María Cárdenas y Rodríguez, who took as a pseudonym the anagram "Jeremías de Docaranza," paid more attention to the

purity of his prose. His articles, published in 1847, reveal him to have been a careful reader of the Spanish classics. His weapon is not fierce irony or energetic attack; with a subtle hand he points out the ridiculous or humorous aspects of scenes and individuals.

Cárdenas came of a family of writers. Born in 1812 in Limonar, in what is now the province of Matanzas, he traveled a good deal in Canada and the United States, and wrote fables and epigrams. His *costumbrista* articles were published in Spanish magazines and translated into French. He was called the *Mesenero Romanos* of Cuba, and indeed his approach resembled that of the author of *Escenas Matritenses* (*Madrid Scenes*) more than the more anxious and pugnacious genius of the great Spanish *costumbrista* Larra.

Cárdenas never individualizes his sketches of ridiculous figures, but gives them an air of universality. For this reason the celebrated work of La Bruyère, the

with genuine humor. Examples are "*Educado Fuera*," which deals with the dangers of educating children abroad, and "*Colocar el Niño*," in which Cárdenas speaks of parents' curious maneuvers to obtain a suitable occupation for the "child of the house," which "child" now wears an enormous mustache.

We must not overlook, in this same generation of article writers, a *costumbrista* isolated in Puerto Príncipe, now Camagüey. Unlike other Cubans of the time, Gaspar Betancourt Cisneros (1803-66) did not incline toward witty theorizing, but threw himself into the effort to civilize his native region. A man imbued with the spirit of material progress, he planned railroads and bridges, started schools, gave encouragement to the white population, offered lessons to his tenant farmers. Yet he had a gay and humorous temperament, a very *criollo* wit. With jolly good humor he pours laughter and satire into his "*Escenas cotidianas*" (Daily Scenes), published in the *Gaceta de Puerto Príncipe* between 1838 and 1840.

If most genre pieces are a polychrome mosaic of the external and superficial, Betancourt Cisneros' are distinguished by an eagerness to dig deep, to go to the root of traditional Camagüey habits and usages. He seldom describes, only now and then dips his pen in color—in dealing with the San Juan or Corpus Christi fiestas, perhaps, or with certain dances. Mainly he is interested in preaching reform and assaying the progress of his city. But the dullness that the modern reader might therefore expect to find is averted by his easy, natural, lively style. A very Spanish, but also very *criollo*, prose, it is always responsive to circumstances; hence the Cubanisms and phrases hewn from his native region. A writer with few, but sure and clear, ideas, his instinct for language makes his writing scintillate.

He speaks of complaining women like this: "The continuous exercise of the tongue gives us inconceivable facility in the branch to which we devote ourselves. Thus, for example, no one can imitate one of our nagging women. What a wealth of words! They are not in the Castilian dictionary. What a torrent! Like the Hatibonico River. What noise! Our commerce produces nothing like it. From the moment one enters Camagüey the unmusical shouts of nagging women drill into one's ears."

Decisive years were coming. The war trumpets sounded. The first half of the century had witnessed collective efforts to create a flourishing colony, a land of progress and prosperity. It had all been useless. Nothing was to be expected from the distant Spanish governments. And the insurrection begun in 1863 by Carlos Manuel de Céspedes at his sugar plantation "La Demajagua" expressed the Cubans' determined resolve to win freedom.

Understandably, genre writing in the years around Céspedes' revolution became more argumentative, more sharply separatist and patriotic, more open in its rejection of the Spanish government. Representative of this second phase of nineteenth-century Cuban *costumbrismo* was Luis Victoriano Betancourt, son of José Victoriano. Protest, moralizing, vigorous censure of a society that

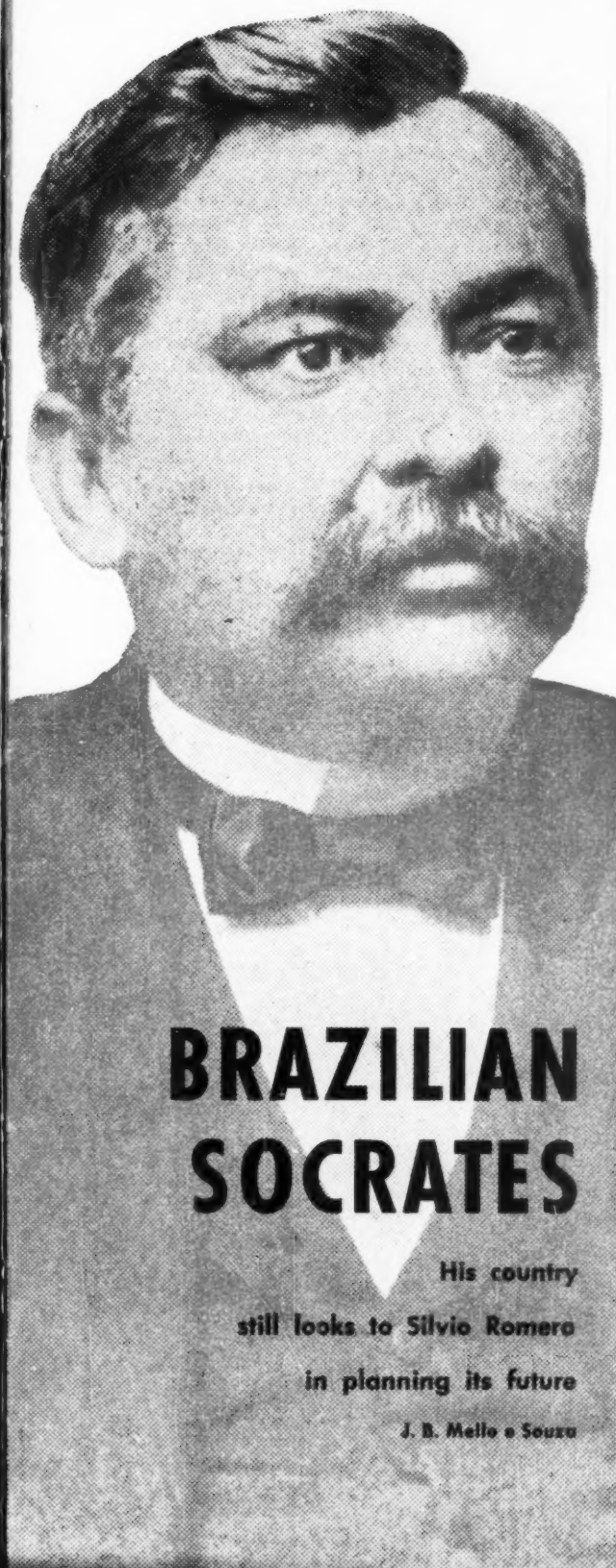
(Continued on page 42)



Chicken dinner is prospect for guajiro (rural "poor white") family

French moralist, is cited as his model. Certain characteristics of his writing have led to the opinion that he is directly descended from Spanish *costumbrismo*, less imaginative and poetic than others of the time. I don't think so. On the contrary, Cárdenas believed that types, habits, and vices should not be brought realistically to literature, but must be worked upon by art so that the subject will not recognize himself in the writer's transformed image.

Many of his articles portray the rural scene: "*Médico del Campo*" (Country Doctor), "*Fisiología del administrador de ingenio*" (Physiology of the Estate Administrator), and so on. Others illustrate typical moments from literary life. Some reflect odd practices like the wakes and burials of the time. Customs deeply rooted in certain circles of Cuban society, such as the scramble for a title of nobility, are censured in the article "*Un título*," in which he offers the ambitious gentry titles like "*Conde de la Palma*" (Palm), "*Barón del Tornasol*" (Sunflower), and "*Marqués de la Guanábana*" (Custard Apple). But he is most deeply preoccupied with the rearing of children. Parental indulgence, family customs that encourage children's most fantastic whims, are reflected



BRAZILIAN SOCRATES

His country
still looks to Silvio Romero
in planning its future

J. B. Mello e Souza

GREAT THINKERS are like mountains—their majesty cannot be properly evaluated except from a distance. So it is understandable that the biggest event in Brazilian cultural annals for 1951 was the celebration of the centenary of Silvio Romero, a stormy literary figure who had died almost forty years earlier. Romero was a man who lived by his mind's work alone, in modesty and integrity. His influence, considerable in his lifetime, still colors Brazilian thought—not only literary and other cultural concepts, but thinking about any of the country's serious problems.

I had the good fortune to be one of Silvio Romero's students. Afterward, until his death some years later, I was privileged to enjoy his company often and felt a filial devotion toward him. Thus, as I recall his austere personality, it is with mixed feelings of veneration and nostalgia.

Silvio Romero was born in the little town of Lagarto, Sergipe State, on April 21, 1851. By a curious coincidence, on the same date sixty years earlier Tiradentes, the martyr of Brazilian independence, had been executed. Romero's father was a Portuguese merchant, André Raíños Romero, a hard-working, well-liked man who took great care with his children's upbringing. Young Silvio showed a remarkable aptitude for study, and his father sent him to the Court (as Rio de Janeiro was then called) for a good high-school education under the supervision of relatives and family friends.

Afterward, Silvio went north again to enroll in the law school at Recife. While an undergraduate there, in 1869, he ventured for the first time into literary criticism, contributing to a college paper an essay on *Harpejos Poéticos* (*Poetic Arpeggios*) by Santa-Helena Magno, a writer from Pará State. It provoked vehement protest, for the youthful *sergipano* stressed the decadence of Romanticism and foresaw and endorsed the new schools that were to follow it. Ever since then Silvio Romero has been considered an iconoclast of old trends and prejudices and a defender of new ideas in every field he wrote about, from literature through philosophy to social science.

After graduating in law, the young writer applied for the chair of philosophy in the pre-law course at the law school. But his writings had made him enemies among those he criticized. Hence the so-called "metaphysics case."

What happened was this: Defending his master's thesis before a board that riddled him with questions about statements he had dared, with his usual fearlessness, to make on ideas then considered heretic and revolutionary, Silvio mercilessly attacked all the taboos of literature and philosophy. At one point, replying to a reference to metaphysics made by Professor Coelho Rodrigues, the young man exclaimed, "But doctor, metaphysics is dead!" "Who killed it?" the intransigent professor shot back. "Was it Your Excellency, by chance?" Then, the story goes, the indignant candidate muttered certain impolite expressions under his breath, gathered up his books, and left the room shouting, "Nobody can argue with such ignorant men!" Scandal rocked the intellectual circles of

the province, and when a rumor got about that the professors planned to sue him, Silvio decided his career would have a better chance in Rio.

There he again applied for a chair of philosophy, and early in 1830 was appointed to the faculty of the *Imperial Colégio de Pedro II*. By that time his critical essays on Castro Alves, Machado de Assis, and Vitoriano Palhares and his *Romanticism in Brazil*, which had appeared in the newspapers, had made him known in the literary world. When the Free Law School of Rio de Janeiro was founded—it is now a part of the University of Brazil—he was invited to teach philosophy of law. He was also included among the leading literary figures who founded the Brazilian Academy of Letters.

A brief term as judge—in the town of Parati, Rio de Janeiro State—and another as congressman for Sergipe after the Republic was proclaimed did not alter the plans he had mapped out for his intellectual life. He was always primarily a teacher, dedicated to his mission toward the new generations; a thinker, concerned with social and political problems; and, finally, a great patriot, for in all his writings his specific aim was to uphold Brazil's highest interests. In his youthful enthusiasm he hoped that he would live to see Brazil become one of the world's most cultured and prosperous nations.

At the turn of the century, when my friends and I were attending the Pedro II School, age had already matured his mind (maturity should, after all, be the hallmark of the true thinker), but the troubles and illness of his last years had not yet begun to sap his extraordinary energy. He was at his prime then, his words austere at times, as Plato's would have been in the shady garden of the Academy, but at times simple, affectionate, and even tender, like those of St. Francis of Assisi, or inflamed, torrential, and violent, like Mirabeau's at the Assembly of 1789.

Romero (in front row, wearing overcoat) spent sixtieth birthday with Brazilian Esperantists at Juiz de Fora

Even before we were allowed to sit in on his wise lectures—their themes were far too transcendental for us—we younger boys had absorbed the tremendous respect and sympathy in which Silvio Romero was held by his students. We sometimes glimpsed his vigorous figure entering or leaving his classroom. He was a good-looking man; tall, perhaps a little on the stout side; thick hair curling over his wide forehead; a serene, fatherly look; a mustache that betrayed his Portuguese ancestry but that blended harmoniously with his features instead of looking as grotesque as most Portuguese mustaches.

Except for my parents, no one ever exerted so deep an influence on my intellectual, moral, and civic consciousness. That is why I was often called to speak, during the centenary celebrations, on his life and work—a work achieved by good example, persuasion, and by the written and spoken word. I felt then, as I do now, an obligation to deliver to my audiences not a conventional apologia but the testimony of a man who could and should tell the whole truth. In a mere article, of course, it is impossible to present a really telling picture of Silvio Romero. I can only hope to convey a little of the impression left on me by the eminent master who lent so much greatness and dignity to the old *Colégio*, and to literature, science, and teaching in Brazil.

By the time my class had reached the top rungs of the ladder, we already knew a great deal about him. Between classes our professors of history and Portuguese, Osório Duque Estrada, João Ribeiro, and Silva Ramos—all writers and, along with Silvio, members of the Brazilian Academy of Letters—had told us about his ideas, his polemics, his looks. We in the dormitory of the large old building had few amusements, and we used to comment on all these things as we heard them. The "metaphysics incident," for instance, provided much food for our bull sessions. Ernesto Jacy, one of our



brighter schoolmates, had become a sympathizer of Positivism, and defended Silvio's part in the affair, though disagreeing with him on certain points of doctrine. Belisário de Souza took the opposite stand—he thought the Recife professors had been more than justified, and, in the end, he'd say, "Metaphysics is very much alive and well, thank you." Quintino do Vale, Enoch da Rocha Lima, Luiz Claudio de Castilhos, and I—all teachers now ourselves—did not dare take this or that side in the debate, for we were not well enough acquainted with Comte, Mill, and Spencer. Once Quintino do Vale weakened and admitted to me, confidentially, that he didn't know what "metaphysics" meant. "What? You don't know?" I exclaimed incredulously. I didn't proceed to explain it to him because I didn't know either.

So it was with eager curiosity that we entered the *sergipano's* classroom for the first time. Regular contact definitively confirmed what we had heard about him from other teachers and more advanced students. Silvio was endowed with the enviable gift of immediately arousing his pupils' esteem and devotion.

There were only six of us in the last year of my course. He used to let us pull his chair close to ours,



Church square in city of Lagarto, Romero's birthplace

and would then turn it around and straddle it, resting his arms on its back. Thus, in a calm and cordial companionship, we would sail off on enchanting voyages through the domains of science, letters, art, politics, history, and fantasy. I ask the reader's indulgence for including myself among those six favored disciples of old Silvio's. That was one of the legitimate sources of pride in my youth, so long ago, and now is one of my most heart-warming memories. And because I expect forgiveness, I will apply to myself the immortal Florentine's beautiful verses: "*Si ch'io fui sesto fra cotanto senno. . .*" ("If I were sixth amid so much wisdom. . .")

Sitting in his favorite position, Silvio would clarify for us Aristotelian logic, *ars demonstrandi*, cultivated in the days of the Patristics and revived by the Cartesians and the moderns. Sometimes he would sit in a normal position, but then he would ask for another chair to put his feet on, just as our Indian chief Ararigbóia liked to do in colonial days whenever he went down to talk with Governor Antônio de Salema.

So clear were his explanations and so intense our interest that whatever the day's subject might be—proposition, judgment, reasoning, syllogisms, sophism, categories of knowledge—it never took us long to cover it. If after that there were a few minutes left, Silvio would talk about other things, at our request: anecdotes from the Academy of Letters, one version of which we would already have heard from the outspoken Osório Duque Estrada; national issues currently agitating the newspapers; or news of that difficult period when the European powers, split into irreconcilable factions, were preparing for war.

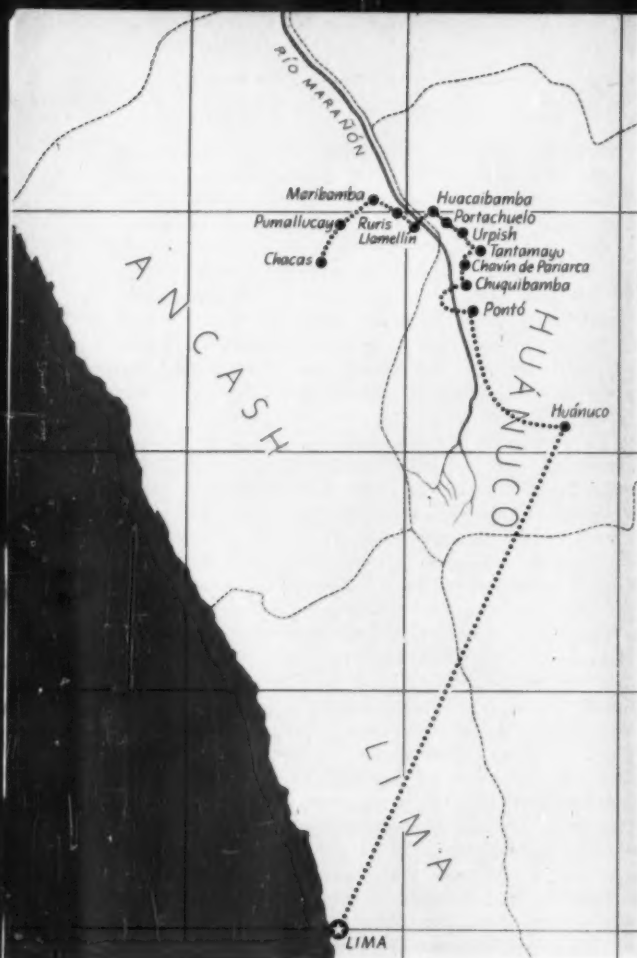
We soon realized that of all these problems the ones dearest to him concerned social science, a study he unquestionably pioneered in Brazil. He heatedly defended his ideas, particularly when applying the principles of the science to Brazil; enthusiastically quoted and endorsed his favorite authors; and did battle with those who through false premises belonged to the opposite camp or who forced erroneous conclusions from true premises.

To be sure, we who were mere students of the humanities could not follow the master in his lofty flights. Once in a long while Carlos Frick, Roberto Jordão, or I would timidly try to raise doubts, but these would be crushed forthwith. If, however, we never managed to reach the kernel of these problems, we at least recognized their existence. The names of Le Play, Tourville, Demoulin, and Lapouge and the scientific objectives of anthropogeography, political economy, and sociology soon became familiar. We were pleased to learn that Silvio corresponded with several of these authors, whose names were renowned in the scientific centers of cultured Europe. Whenever he disagreed with one of them on some point, we felt sorry for that man, we actually regretted that such an illustrious scholar could have fallen into such grave error.

We took a certain perverse pleasure, I must confess, in inciting our professor—with whose philosophical ideas we were already familiar—to reveal what he thought of the theories of Coelho Barreto and Vicente de Souza, our professors of mechanics and Latin, both sincere Positivists. "Oh, but these Positivist gentlemen don't understand each other," Silvio Romero would exclaim sorrowfully. "They're very confused. A propos of everything and nothing they'll bring up that business of 'the anarchy of the Western mind,' or 'the three Estates,' and I don't know what all! Listen, boys: Positivism is nothing but a catfight. Littré, Laffite, and Mill never agree. There has been only one orthodox Positivist: Auguste Comte. And even he was crazy!"

At the end of the humanities course, I enrolled in the law school, and there again, as I had fervently hoped, Silvio Romero was my professor, this time of philosophy of law. Needless to say, we were as enthralled then as we had been in boarding school. By that time I felt I could talk with him on a higher plane; I now knew, you see, what metaphysics was, and was able to deal familiarly with the ideas of Scipio Sighele, Le Play, De Tocqueville, and Gustave Le Bon. "If you want to

(Continued on page 30)



ANDEAN BACKWATERS

Malcolm K. Burke

In the interior of Peru
one walks out of the twentieth century
and into another world

THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE can be crossed in Peru at two points by rail and at fifteen by road. But that's new-fangled; the traditional way is by mule.

Wherever trains and trucks penetrate its tortuous geography, Peru is a country of material progress. Conversely, where mechanized travel is unknown, anachronisms are rife, and it is easy to slip away from the twentieth century into a sort of timelessness. At least, that was what I did, on a three-week junket by mule to cross the Divide via Mamashocu Pass, over fifteen thousand feet above the sea. The first and last laps were civilized enough: I left Lima by train, traveling north-eastward to Cerro de Pasco, then north by bus to Huánuco and west by truck to the edge of the Marañón River, a tributary of the Amazon; on the way back I completed the circle with forty-eight hours of bus travel from a Pacific coast valley south to Lima. But sandwiched in between were nineteen rugged days through Andean backwaters beyond the reach of airplane, automobile, train, or boat.

The dusty road west of Huánuco petered out at a tiny settlement called Pontó on the east bank of the Marañón. My truck had ventured there to pick up a load of potatoes brought in by mule trains that arrived intermittently from the north bearing fruit and vegetables. At Pontó I saw for the first time the ubiquitous river, clear and swift but unnavigable, which I was to follow with one of the returning pack trains. Downstream it gained momentum, roiled by inrushing tributaries, and when, at the end of two weeks, I turned my back on it and cut west, it had burrowed so deep that it was visible only at intervals, winding like a primordial serpent along the bottom of the desert gorge. Only cactus and incense-trees grew in those hot, lower regions; the people lived more than three thousand vertical feet above the hurtling waters.

Toward dusk the first day out, we suddenly came upon a flat bridge, slightly sunken in decay. Chuquibamba loomed ahead like a castle with towers and crenelated turrets. The sleeping depths of the Marañón below became a moat, and I crossed to enter another world.

Beyond, our trail wound around promontories, and I caught glimpses of people panning gold in the rushing waters. Eventually we reached Chavin de Pariarca, east of the Marañón but high above it. This village was not on my itinerary, but I wanted to attend its September 8 fiesta honoring the birthday of the Virgin Mary.

The day began with music: three horns, a cornet, and two drums, manned by players with considerable skill buttressed by that endless Andean patience with a monotonous task. The day also started off with drink. The town specialty was a punch of ground almonds, coconuts, and walnuts boiled with rice, to which beaten eggs and cinnamon were added. But the men preferred straight *aguardiente*, a raw sugarcane brandy. For both men and women there was also *chicha de jora*, traditional in Peru since pre-Conquest days, which is made of a red corn that ripens from June to August. The *jora* kernels are bruised, soaked, sunned, cooled, boiled. Two

days of fermentation yield a healthy, non-intoxicating beverage; after nine days, it turns to vinegar; but after fermenting exactly one week it is agreeable to the taste and dynamite to the senses.

On the Plaza de Armas, three castles fashioned of paper and sticks were festooned with fireworks for detonation during Mass. This was celebrated at high noon by a tired young priest from Stuttgart who knew scarcely a word of Spanish and who was worn out from traveling all night to officiate at the annual fiesta. More than a thousand people crowded into the ancient adobe church. Afterward the priest was guest of honor at a banquet given by the *mayordomo* (the title in this town belongs to the citizen popularly elected a year in advance to organize the fiesta and foot the bill).

Twenty-two sat down to the fabulous spread. There were vast trays of *cancha* (toasted corn kernels) and of *mote* (boiled, oversized kernels of white corn). There was a succulent Chinese dish of baby pig stuffed with spiced olives, raisins, greens, and sauce. There were noodle soup with rolls, chicken with rice and a hot sauce, and guinea pig with fried yuca. The drinks were passed and re-passed and a delicious new one, a white peanut *chicha*, was introduced with the cinnamon-flavored gelatine dessert.

Meanwhile the traditional dancing, begun early in the day, continued out in the plaza in full view of the diners. Plaintive music was supplied by that strange, deep-bellied harp of the Peruvian sierra, and by the lamentations of four women in the mournful notes of the pentatonic scale. Their heads and shoulders were elaborately draped, and their gold-leaf ornaments flashed in the sunlight. But the final ghoulish touch was the black spectacles worn by both the singers and the male dancers, symbolizing the shameful defeat of the Imperial Inca.

About four P.M., just as the long feast drew to a close, the melancholy dance was interrupted by the clatter of horsemen. The animals were supposed to represent Spain and the Conquest, while the riders played the parts of

Pizarro and his followers and the infidel Moors. A sham battle between Christian and Moslem followed. Unfortunately, what with the mandatory drinking, it was too late in the day for effective acting or even for effective observation. Wheeling, Pizarro fell from his horse and floundered helplessly as he tried to remount, swearing steadily in Quechua. Indoors the festivities resumed. Everyone stayed on until some nameless hour of the night, drinking and dancing the provocative Negroid *marinera* of the coast and the skipping sierra *huaynito*.

Next morning I made the acquaintance of still another brew: warm water and orange juice flavored with herbs and a liberal dash of *aguardiente*. Immediately afterward came a plate of spareribs and fried bananas. An hour later a second breakfast was served, consisting of steak, eggs, and onions; this time we had a two-hour respite before lunch. Meat appears prominently in the diet of the sierra Indians only at fiestas, but then, it seems, they stow away enough to last a lifetime. Unlike my hosts, I had not been fasting all year in preparation for this bout of overeating, but I managed somehow to keep up.

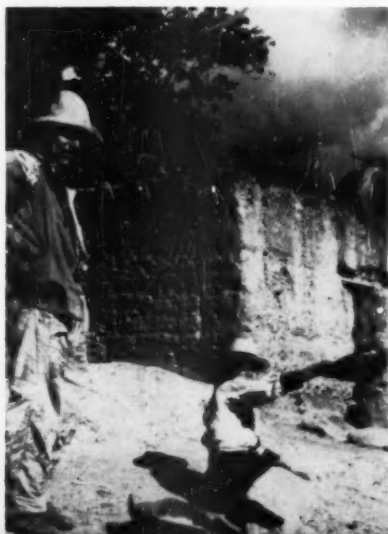
As I took my leave, many of the local citizens solemnly embraced me, and the town official supplied a guide, a mule, and a card of introduction to present in Tantamayo, the next village north. Once this initial gesture is made, town officials all along the route follow suit, lending a mule (rarely a horse, for they are small in this region and not sufficiently sure-footed to negotiate the steep, narrow trails) and a guide. When it is impossible to find shelter and the journey must be continued indefinitely, local travelers banish hunger and fatigue by chewing lime-flavored coca leaves. For this purpose they carry a *porongo*, or gourd container of liquid lime that brings out the coca "bite." The top of the gourd is cut off and a long needle inserted as a stopper.

Tantamayo is renowned in the region for its excellent bread, but few mention the excellent wood sculpture and superb polychrome primitives in its colonial church. On the hills across the Tantamayo River I also found the

Muleteers from a pack train winding along Marañón River pose for author



Sifting corn for one of the exotic dishes encountered at fiesta time



At Chuquibamba, gateway to the past, the river becomes a moat



impressive ruins of Llapacancha, Quepaccara, and Usuy, fortresses still inhabited by descendants of the courageous aborigines who built them. One old man there, on his deathbed, thought I might cure him. His diagnosis was simply, "All the body going to sleep." But I could do nothing beyond accepting his gift of a *huaco*.

Any ceramic object dug out of a *huaco*, or holy burial ground, is called a *huaco*. *Huacos* are common along the Peruvian coast, seat of high cultures and dense populations before the cataclysms brought on by totalitarian Inca and christianizing Spaniard. But they are rare in the middle-Marañón region, and I treasured the rude piece of earthenware. Other *huacos* I picked up later eventually made travel difficult, and just before crossing the Marañón from Huánuco Department to the Department of Ancash, I acquired a weird, twenty-pound stone fragment. From then on I walked, while my camera, typewriter, and prehistoric pottery rode cushioned in saddlebags.

From medieval Chuquibamba north to Chichipún, the last town on my route in Huánuco Department, stretched eighty rolling miles, alternating between *ichu*-grass-covered uplands around the frigid twelve-thousand-foot-high lakes of Cochapunta and Gallacocha, and hot, sticky lowlands. Everywhere lay remnants of the past. The present towns are in protected spots, but the ancients built on bleak, windswept promontories. I explored Portachuelo, Urpish, Cruz Jirca, and other antique fortresses where Inca sentries once commanded a view of the river north and south.

Urpish was still a shelter of sorts not only for plants, birds, and crickets, but for men and beasts of burden. Cacti shaped like inverted bells covered the topmost tower, some forty feet high, ascending like a procession of votive lamps toward the sun-god. Portachuelo was less picturesque, but architecturally more interesting. Its buildings formed an unusual pentagonal enclosure, with walls a foot thick and a tower that seemed to lean over the abyss of the Marañón as if to afford a better view. The tower's sole entrance was through an Incaic trapezoidal doorway within the enclosure. Inside the tower a rough ladder of projecting stones led through a rectangular doorway to a platform on top. The horizontal masonry was of stones small enough to be lifted by one man. But the smooth workmanship characteristic of the Inca was absent. Lichen and parasite fronds and cactus hid the secret of the real builder—the Inca, or the earlier peoples the Inca overpowered. Our mounts were always uneasy at these ruins, as if we were treading on hallowed ground.

The towns above the east bank of the Marañón—Tantamayo, Jircán, Huacabamba—all live on the coca trade. The leaves are picked far to the east in the valleys leading down to the Huallaga River, brought by donkey over the high ridge to the Marañón Valley, and traded. Some are destined for immediate consumption, others for transportation farther westward to half a million consumers in populous Ancash Department. In Huacabamba and Chichipún, the coca leaf even serves as currency.



Moors and Christians line up for fiesta battle in Chavin de Pariarca



Imperial Inca (under umbrella) and entourage at highland fiesta



Folk art in remote section of Huánuco Department



View of Cordillera Blanca from the east, near the old Inca Highway

To cross the Marañón by the only bridge within a week's travel either way, I had to start before dawn from Huacabamba, more than eight-thousand feet above sea level, drop to three thousand feet, and climb again on the other side to Llamellín at 9,600-odd feet, in a difficult stretch of about sixteen miles. It was not safe to stay overnight in Chichipún, the one intermediate town, because of the danger of *verruca* and malaria. As we approached, my guide cheerfully informed me that seven men were killed there in 1936 dragging two fifty-foot eucalyptus trunks downhill to build the Chacchán bridge. I made the trip in style, on a mare bound for Llamellín for servicing by a jackass; the mare's owner also rode horseback and led a mule carrying our baggage. Down in the oven-hot gorge by Chacchán, we passed a donkey left behind by a pack train to die. It was a relief to climb out of the gorge, to leave the oppressive heat and the menacing river torrents, which bespoke death. Well up the Ancash side, vegetation began again, but instead of the incense trees of Huánuco, it was useless mesquite and thorned *ortiga*.

Llamellín I found by evening, nested in a fold of the Andes. I looked back across the canyon. Huacabamba's familiar houses and colonial church, surrounded by patches of potatoes and wheat, were clearly visible. As the crow flies, the distance was short, but the sharp memory of the Marañón crossing made the town opposite seem as remote as photographs in an album of the twenties. I remembered its guitar music and the interminable barking of its dogs. I thought of the friendly mongrels with the fantastic names in the house where I had stayed: Romántico, Super-Perro, and MacArthur.

Then we made our way north, always in view of Huánuco's green slopes but rarely catching sight of the burrowing Marañón. From the red hills of Llamellín we descended to the haciendas of Mirgas, Paras, and Ruris, making thirty miles a day along an invisible line above the river.

About a thousand people lived in Ruris (which means "hollow"), a social unit that operates on colonial lines and retains the old *latifundio* titles. Shortly before my visit enemies had stormed the frontier-like settlement from a flank and burned out stables all along one side of the square of buildings. There was a legend at Ruris that the water supply came from a lagoon high in the west, toward the Cordillera Blanca, through some fifteen miles of rock tunnel built by the ancients. Ruris' *patrón* told me he had proved the existence of the tunnel from Puag Lagoon by dropping marked bits of wood into a whirlpool in the lagoon and picking them out of the stream that emerged at the hacienda. A cordial host, he gave me good food, candles, and a spare room where rats gnawed when all was dark and still. He also gave me strong mules for the twenty-five-mile trip westward to Maribamba Hacienda, where I began to find hints of the modern world.

In contrast to colonial Ruris, Maribamba is a farm where the revolutionary practice of a daily wage has been introduced. Each Indian worker gets his two soles (about thirteen cents U.S.) a day—more than he needs

for his only purchases: coca leaves and salt. Don Wenceslao Barrón, Maribamba's owner, has been in the outside world and even served as deputy in the National Congress. He provided roast veal for lunch, a dinner delicacy of *chochoca*—a thick corn chowder—and a bed with sheets.

From Maribamba, my route lay south forty-five miles and west thirty-eight miles to the thermal baths of Chancos, a town linked by dirt road with the Pacific coast. The first day I followed the ancient Inca highway, finding the old paving here and there. I climbed; I descended. In the deep valley occupied by Uchusquillo Hacienda, the country folk were celebrating, inexplicably, the Feast of the True Cross, which, according to the



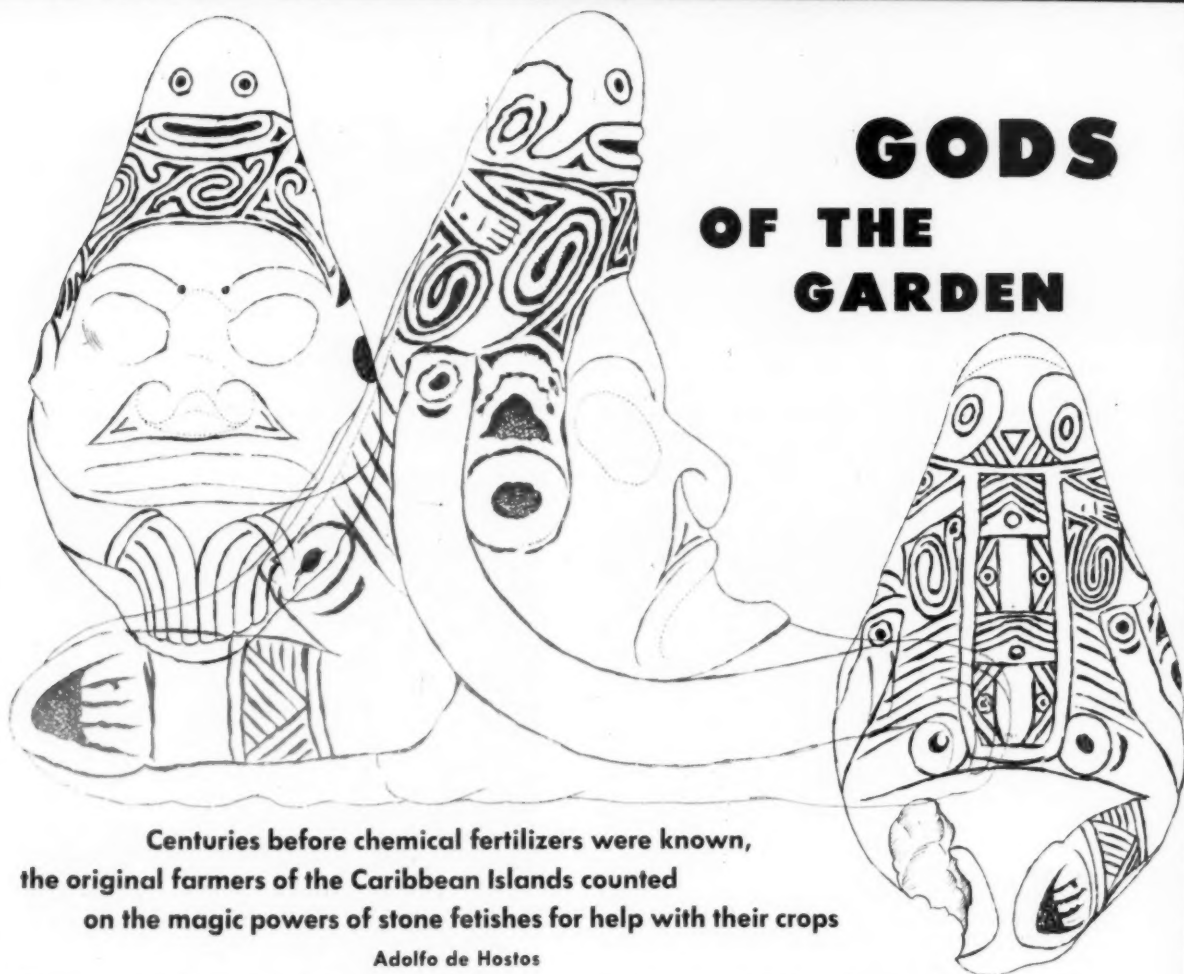
Dancers at Uchusquillo Hacienda belatedly celebrate the Feast of the True Cross four months after it appears on liturgical calendar

liturgical calendar, falls on May 3. There was deep seriousness in the belated observance. The women wore fine shawls for the occasion, and shoved feet used to going bare into cotton stockings and shoes. The men wore capes run through with bright red threads; they also sported plumed headdresses, bells on their trousers and mirrors on their ponchos. I was urged to stay and watch the dancing. But off to the right, the Cordillera Blanca lay under storm clouds; it seemed wiser to hurry on to reach Chacas before nightfall.

In a decaying church in Pumallucay I stumbled on an unforgettable figure of Christ: an oversized wood sculpture by a forgotten colonial artist—a powerful work, and apparently one credited with many miracles. In Chacas, there was an altarpiece worth crossing the Continental Divide to see. Of late-seventeenth-century creation, it was hewn and painted for a simple altar in an Augustinian church. At once subdued and jubilant, this plateresque work bore statues of Thomas Aquinas,

(Continued on page 47)

GODS OF THE GARDEN



**Centuries before chemical fertilizers were known,
the original farmers of the Caribbean Islands counted
on the magic powers of stone fetishes for help with their crops**

Adolfo de Hostos

WHETHER OR NOT our West Indies were the Hesperides of Greek legend, the natives were working agricultural wonders at the time of Columbus' arrival, with only strong muscles, keen powers of observation, and rough tools made of stone and shells.

The section of virgin America that formed the backdrop was a mosaic of emeralds: Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and scores of smaller islands. It possessed celestial beauty, rich soil, and a productive climate. The Admiral of the Ocean Sea reported that the nightingale sang there in winter, but he forgot to add that all year round the whole land sang its inspired hymn of life, with the notes of air, water, woods, and sun blending perfectly.

The native sons—said to have come from the valleys of the Orinoco and the Amazon—were stolid men with copper skin, prominent cheek bones, and something Asiatic in their faces and their hearts. With care and skill worthy even of the modern agronomist they cultivated their beans, corn, sweet potatoes, a starchy edible root called *yautia*, and neat, well-drained rows of manioc.

Yuca, the root of manioc, gave these peoples an opportunity to win real distinction as farmers and manufacturers. Just as the primitive man of Europe succeeded

in making bread of wheat, the primitive man of America learned independently how to make it of yuca. The Europeans' achievement must have taken place centuries before that of our Indians, probably when the Mediterranean peoples were at the cultural stage American Indians reached between 1 A.D. and the Discovery. But the Indians' achievement was more remarkable. For yuca is poisonous, and it was a much more complicated process to convert it into harmless raw material for bread. Only God knows how many centuries of hard apprenticeship the Indians spent acquiring the half-scientific, half-superstitious knowledge of the weather, the movements of the stars, and so on, involved in deciding where, how, and when to clear the ground with their stone axes and their rings of fire; how to trim the fallen trees, pile up the trunks, and reduce them to a heap of ashes; how to remove stumps, roots, rocks, and ashes from the fields without the help of machines or animals; how to sow the seed by hand in rows opened with a pointed stick or with the big toe when the ground was as soft as a sponge; how to pull up the weeds before they smothered the delicate sprouts.

How many anxious moments the Indian knew before the plants matured! What work and worry before the

color deepened on the leaves and the nourishing juices filled the roots!

After germination—so earnestly desired and yet so justifiably feared—and after the infant plants had survived the first onslaught of weeds and inclement weather, the defenseless farmer in a loincloth still had a lot to think about. Was it raining? Splendid, if not too much. Was the sun shining? Wonderful, if the leaves did not turn yellow. Heavy thunder right after the planting was like a thorn piercing his bare foot; surely the angry gods of the Arawak pantheon had not looked favorably on his Herculean effort.

What should he do if the creatures of the woods kept paying destructive visits to his fields? Their numbers were legion. The burrowing insects reached the succulent roots by underground passageways—tiny tunnels complete with rooms for storing the precious particles of stolen food; the flying insects made surprise daylight raids, so fast and unexpected that there was scarcely time to raise a protective hand; the tree ducks and their various relatives arrived under cover of darkness. Like well-briefed thieves, they glided on quiet wings to the elected plant, dug up the root with hurried scratching, and devoured it on the spot. And the relentless *hutia*, which looked like a cross between a large rat and a hare, came sniffing along with a rodent's cunning.

All the measures devised in the course of a millenium by the naked man of the Antilles had proved inadequate. First he tried the live scarecrow: a boy of the tribe standing on a small platform in the middle of the corn patch, driving off the winged robbers with shouts. Then, to relieve the boys of the monotonous stint on the platform, a magpie was tied to a high branch and taught to scream at the least disturbance; next came the straw scarecrow, whose disquieting silhouette contrasted with the light green of the new foliage. But how was the farmer to withstand the nocturnal invasions, the invisible burrowers, and the agile hutias that scurried beneath the leaves?

Sometimes losses from these causes were so crushing that members of sedentary tribes were obliged to look for food far from their homes. A year of drought, insect plagues, or hutia invasions could mean a year of famine if they did not resort to fishing, hunting, or searching for wild roots.

In such emergencies all eyes turned to the conjurers,

According to chronicler Oviedo, aboriginal islanders lived in houses like this. Balls on roof may have served as weights



Frogs were idols because of their role in rain-making practices. This one is the coqui or common tree frog



Indians of the Orinoco Valley, where copper-skinned peoples of the Antilles are believed to have originated

Since it ate beetles and other insects, lizard was considered good friend of farmer, was often pictured on the fetiches

the sages of the tribe—the men who thought they could offer a solution to some of nature's mysteries. The static meditation in which they spent their entire lives contained a germ of science, especially on occasions when natural phenomena were observed for the first time. But they were never able to explain such phenomena except by naïvely presuming human attributes in everything around them, animate or inanimate. Trees, caterpillars, rocks, springs, the sky—all had spirits. Those spirits could talk, and only the conjurer could understand what they said.

Probably the Arawak medicine man, free of many small social obligations in his rustic home, found time to sit peacefully for hours in the middle of the cornfield, studying the growth of seedlings planted by the men of his tribe, watching the stalks grow fatter with each shower and thinner with each week of burning sun.

He must have soon noticed that some of the stones around the field were very similar in form and sometimes even in color to edible roots. And for him things



Most of the three-pointed stones are of this type, with head on anterior and legs on posterior points



Second type of stone has face on one side of conoid projection



In rare third type, conoid projection is modified into a head or face

that were similar in appearance were essentially the same. Similarity of form implied identity of nature. Thus a rock or a piece of wood or clay molded into the shape of something alive had to possess the qualities of whatever it represented. Long accustomed to reasoning thus in terms of sympathetic magic, he naturally jumped to the conclusion that a certain stone contained the spirit of the plant whose product it resembled. Burying the stone near one of the less robust plants, he would recite a magic formula to impart power to the instrument of his secret science.

The fetishes that have been found in the area illustrate the gradual elaboration of the original belief that the spirits lodged in stones could help farmers. This growing complexity reflected the Indian's increasingly astute observations in his field—one of the tiny stages on which the drama of life was unfolding.

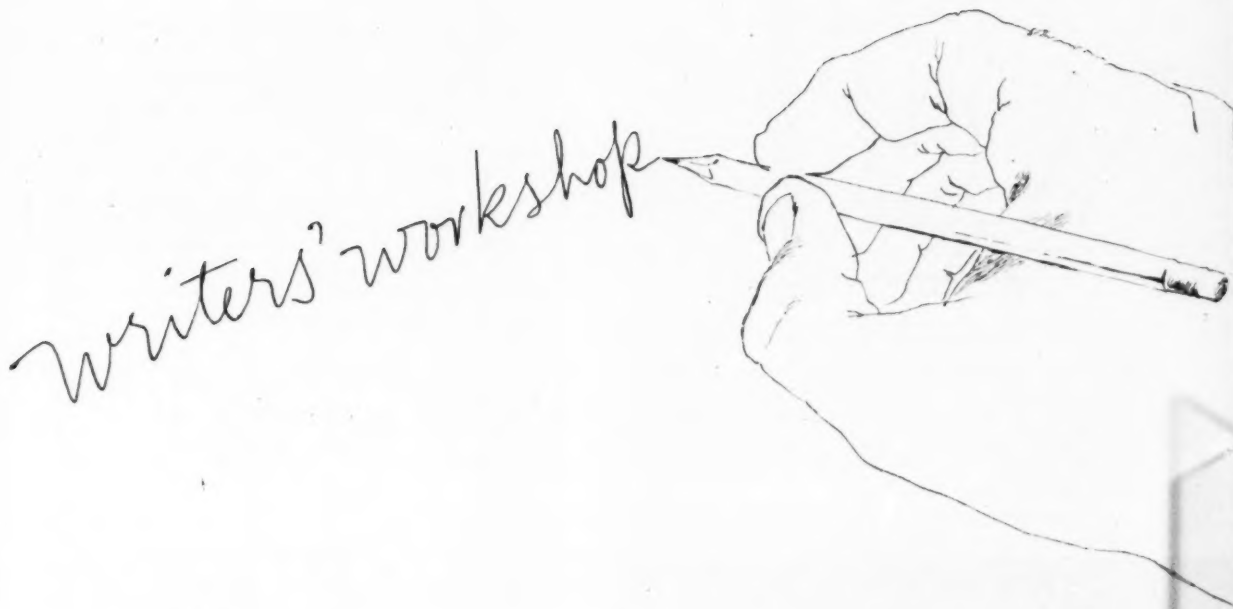
Every minute of every day the field was the battleground for small creatures struggling to survive. Watching over a long period, the Indian learned the details of the struggle and worked out both rational and superstitious defenses. Here he sees a lizard balancing on a waving sheaf of corn, stretching his stylized little body to its limit, and throwing himself like an emerald arrow, with a neat, quick, and well-calculated leap, on a black beetle just as it started to bite into a magnificent ear.

"A good friend of ours," the medicine man would think with deep satisfaction. As he saw this repeated many times, he made mental notes; it often happened after a sudden, heavy shower that left the soil steaming, when the water forced thousands of insects out of their caves; and the favorite prize of the lizard-guardian was that fiendish bug with the black and yellow stripes. By now it was easy to identify the splendid live arrow, so well-aimed and steady that it missed its target only once in a hundred times.

Now the conjurer knew what to tell his followers when they asked him how to combat the small creature that was destroying the ears of corn a month before the harvest. His advice was given in decisive tones. They must run to the skilled stonecutter who made the *zemis*, or sacred objects, and get him to start carving a lizard's head on a "stone of the good harvest" immediately. It must be attractive so the spirit would be pleased. When finished, it should be taken to the house of the conjurer where it would be treated with good medicines and presented with tasty cassava bread so that it would not leave a single beetle alive in the corn patch.

Gradually symbols of rain, germination, and other natural events, harmful as well as beneficial, were added to the idols. The stonecutter eliminated superfluous details and cleverly represented a plant by one of its main features. For example, he portrayed a shoot or leaf stalk instead of the whole rhizome, as it was this delicate part of the seedling that insects went after. Operating underground, they could use their fragile jaws more effectively on the tender tissues of a shoot than on the hard coating. Certainly the farmer had to offer special magic protection to the constantly endangered sprouts.

(Continued on page 44)



Herschel Brickell

SOMETHING NEW in cultural exchange is now under way in Mexico that bears watching on both sides of the border: a workshop where young writers of two nationalities pool their literary traditions and techniques to enrich their own creative effort. The experiment is a joint project of the Mexico City Writing Center and the Rockefeller Foundation's Division of the Humanities and Social Sciences.

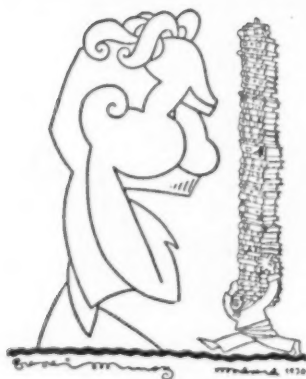
It all started when Margaret Shedd, founder and director of the Writing Center, asked the Foundation for five fellowships, to be awarded to young Mexican writers. Miss Shedd, who in private life is Mrs. Oliver Kissick, is an author of note who has published three successful novels, *Hurricane Caye*, *Inherit the Earth*, and *Return to the Beach*, as well as many magazine articles and short stories. Her fiction has also appeared in several anthologies, including the *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*, edited by the author of this article. Two years ago, she founded the Center as a branch of Mexico City College, a liberal arts college with a graduate school, which is owned and operated by North Americans, and at present has some eleven hundred students, mostly from the United States.

The Center holds two sessions a year, offering courses in such things as preparation for creative writing, writers' observations of present-day Mexico, manuscript evaluation, contemporary Hispanic fiction techniques, and so on. But the students also write: an average of 3,000 words a week aside from class assignments. Some of them have published in magazines like *Collier's*, the *Saturday Eve-*

ning Post, and the *Atlantic*; others are just starting out, and the Center helps market their material. In its own publication, entitled *Portfolio*, it prints samples of the students' output for distribution to book publishers, editors, and literary agents.

As a *Portfolio* note about the Center explains, in Mexico, "the public doesn't have money to buy books. This is not to say that on market day in Tulancingo there will not be a pile of books from a peso down, poetry, old textbooks, and the U.S. comics. And the National Department of Education has booths in many parks. But the public is poorer here than in the United States, and for the author this means that what is Vanity House in the U.S.A. becomes Necessity House in Mexico. Although there is no embarrassment or disgrace to putting out his own work, the writer is all the same affected, because these small private editions tend to keep Mexican writing in a dated literary tradition." As a result, for example, Mexicans want to learn narrative techniques from their U.S. counterparts. On the other hand, *Portfolio* continues, "the woman who has the black pottery stand in Oaxaca made these things for cooking utensils but she is aware of their beauty; this habitual criss-crossing of art and life in Mexico is what the U.S. author needs and wants to understand."

In conducting the Center, Miss Shedd is assisted by U.S. writers Jerry Moss Olson, Edmund J. Robins, and Neal Smith, and by Ramón Xirau, philosopher, poet, translator, and author of many articles. Lecturers have included Mexican playwright Rodolfo Usigli; Leopoldo



Author Brickell, who helped pick Writing Center's Mexican fellowship winners, as seen by Spanish cartoonist Muñoz

Zea of the School of Philosophy and Letters of Mexico's National University; José Luis Martínez, eminent critic and author of *Mexican Literature of the Twentieth Century*; José García Ascot, poet, editor, and translator; and Señora María de León Ortega, authority on Latin American folk music.

Announcement of the five Rockefeller foundation fellowships—worth \$1500 apiece and entitling their



Mexico City Writing Center staff gathers in Miss Shedd's garden to congratulate authors who received Rockefeller Foundation grants

holders to two terms of study in the Writing Center—was made last June, and Mexican writers under thirty-five were requested to submit their published or unpublished work for the competition.

A judging committee was set up with humanist Alfonso Reyes as chairman; Doctors Agustín Yáñez, novelist and teacher, and Julio Torri, another well-known intellectual, as the Mexican members; and Miss Shedd as the U.S. representative. At Dr. Reyes' suggestion, I was invited to sit in as the fifth member of the committee.

Seventy-five candidates applied for the fellowships, and I have rarely faced a more formidable—or more interesting—stack of manuscripts than the one awaiting me when I flew to Mexico City in July. Included were plays, poetry, essays, short stories, and novels.

At the first committee meeting, held, like the rest, in the chairman's beautiful library, one of the richest private book collections in the Western Hemisphere, Dr. Reyes said: "Here we are friends. Here we speak

our minds with complete freedom. There will be differences of opinion to be resolved, inevitably, but resolve them we shall by the frankest discussion, and eventually by the democratic method, casting ballots for our choices."

Altogether, the committee held six meetings and finally agreed unanimously on five writers. But at an early session it was decided that we would request a sixth grant from the Foundation, because of the exceptional merit of a Spanish refugee candidate—Ramón Xirau of the Center's staff. This additional grant was made by the Foundation without delay, allowing Don Ramón a year of complete freedom from teaching that could be devoted entirely to writing.

The five other winners were: Juan José Arreola, short story writer; Rubén Bonifaz Nuño, poet; Emilio Carballido, dramatist and poet; Herminio Chávez Guerrero, novelist; Sergio Magaña, dramatist and short story writer. All except Señor Chávez are still in their twenties and belong to a recognized group of younger authors.

Señores Carballido and Magaña have long been close friends and collaborated on a play, *The Signs of the Zodiac*, which was presented with success in Mexico City some months ago. They mean to continue their collaboration, although Carballido is essentially a playwright and Magaña principally a short story writer and novelist.

All five fellowship holders are now at work in the Writing Center. Some are working on translations of their U.S. colleagues' best stories with the idea of publishing them in Mexican literary supplements. A serpent legend brought in by Chávez Guerrero has been translated into English, and the Center is testing it in both language groups to find out whether its symbology is universal.

Chávez, in fact, was the contest's most exciting discovery. He sent the committee a novel called *Los Surianos* (*The Southerners*) with only two lines of explanation and no biographical data. After reading his brilliant story of everyday life in his native province, Guerrero, we wondered anxiously if he were under the age limit.

Telegrams were sent at once to his home village, Tepecuacuilco (Aztec for "the place where the dragon was slain"), but there was no response. A search party seemed to be the only solution. So early one Sunday morning five of us set out from Mexico City with one of the Center's assistants, Neal Smith from Florida, as chauffeur.

In the party were Carballido and Magaña, along with Felipe Pérez Beraza, a member of the teaching staff of the Mexican-North American Cultural Institute and secretary of the fellowship award committee. Don Felipe, who is also a native of Guerrero, spent a good part of the journey praying that Chávez would be young enough to receive one of the awards.

After a four-hour drive through Mexico's intoxicating landscapes, we arrived at Tepecuacuilco. The first passer-by told us how to find the home of Chávez, who, as it turned out, was the village schoolmaster. It was a simple

(Continued on page 46)



this Spinning world

MANY YEARS OLDER than the Christian era is graphic interpretation of the world in which we live. Peoples of all lands and ages, including races we classify as "savage," have known something of the art of cartography. The fanciful fifteenth-century maps representing the edges of the earth as populated by all manner of strange beasts and reptiles are familiar to school children. Nowadays, the cartographer keeps a tight rein on his imagination and a watchful eye on the political situation.

The Air Age—the Atomic Age—has made the globe, the spherical map, an important daily reference item. Now that round-the-world and trans-polar flights excite little comment, and militarists speak of Arctic and Antarctic strategy, well-informed people are turning to relics of their schooldays to keep up to date. For the "One World" concept—geographically speaking, at least—stands out most clearly on a globe.

Globe-making is a science in itself. Each of a dozen or more elliptical segments must be drawn so that when

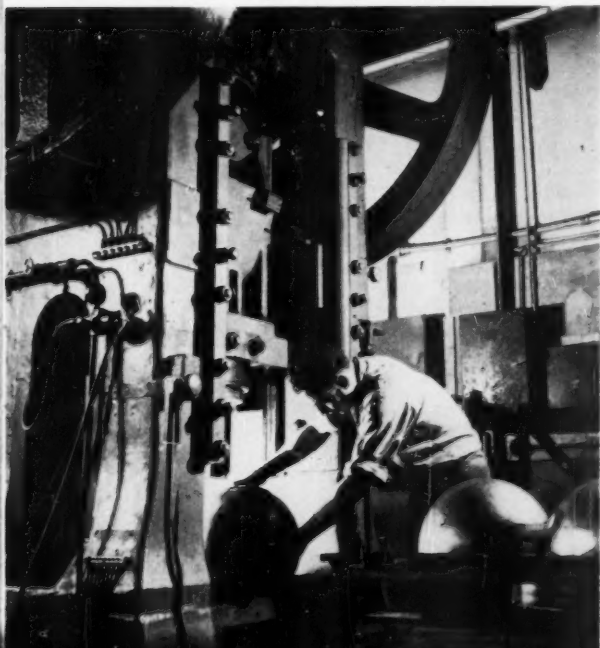
cut out and pasted side by side on a spherical surface, they form a true, continuous map of the earth. Some globes are machine products, but many are handmade by skilled craftsmen whose faith in the world is not shaken by temporary boundary disputes or shifting political scenes.

Globe sales are usually governed by trends. Korea, for example, has revived a flagging market caused by a decline of interest in the international scene at the end of the Second World War. In the United States, sales are greatest in the metropolitan centers. Printed in Spanish, Portuguese, and French texts, they are imported in largest bulk by Mexico although Brazil, Costa Rica, Uruguay, Colombia, Venezuela, Honduras, Puerto Rico, Cuba, Chile, and Ecuador are also good customers.

Whether globes are of cardboard, metal, or glass, they reflect the vital importance of keeping abreast of geographical dynamics. They are decorative and, barring an overnight upheaval, accurate indicators of the trends of our time.

1. From half-worlds, one world. One of the preliminaries of globe making is stamping out the Northern and Southern Hemispheres. Steel discs enter this press, emerge as half-spheres

2. Although it may take centuries for statesmen to achieve One World, globe makers do it in a minute. To newly stamped halves, they weld inner lips





3. So far as map manufacturers are concerned, all it takes to bind the halves of the world together is a little waterproof cement. No trick at all



4. After the union, the worker smooths the rough spots by grinding off the closure seam with a sanding machine to make a perfect joint

7. As in diplomacy, a steady hand and years of experience are needed to cut out segments of changing world. Gore-shaped instrument cartographer uses is called a "templet"



8. Next, gores are pasted onto globe. How to fit them so that segment edges are invisible is a trade secret. At this point misplaced gore can spoil a globe





5. Next the cartographer takes over. In the drafting room he transposes map data onto spherical map, working on sections called "gores" designed to fit spherical globe



6. Then gores are sprayed with transparent lacquer to prevent injury to their surface while they are being affixed to the globe

9. God of wind and rain to this globe is man, who spins and sprays with a final coat of lacquer. Hood in which big ball stands acts as exhaust for lacquer fumes



10. Finally, the world is set to rights. Technicians place the globe on its axis. Final problem: measuring the exact polar inclination





Nighttime was the Exposition's real showtime. Then the lights came on and eclipsed electrically anything the public had ever seen. Particularly dazzling: the electrical building and fountains



The Plaza, which measured 350 by 500 feet, was the first spectacle visitors saw when they came and the last before they left. Its Propylea was boundary of fair



HEIGH-HO COME TO THE FAIR

Elena Vinadé Ronan

ON A SPRING AFTERNOON in Buffalo, New York, half a century ago, the air suddenly darkened with fluttering feathers as several thousand carrier pigeons took wing. Confused by their own numbers, the birds circled wildly as they soared. Far up in the clouds at last, they parted to carry news of the opening of the Pan American Exposition of 1901 "to every quarter of the compass"—or, at least, "to distant States." Such were the fond hopes of the Exposition officials, who had contrived the stunt with an eye to publicity, and of the citizens of the Queen City of Buffalo, whose investment in the project was considerable.

The idea of an exposition "for all the Americas," called speculative and dreamlike by its critics, was sparked by Secretary of State James G. Blaine, the man largely responsible for organizing the first Inter-American Conference in 1889. Aware of the financial plums to be gathered from a venture of this sort and believing their border city ideally located for the purpose, the canny burghers of Buffalo raised \$1,750,000 to underwrite its cost. Congress, encouraged by this substantial show of interest, put up another half million.

For months, hundreds of men and machines were busy at the chosen site, preparing the "large grounds"—actually 350 acres—at the northern edge of Buffalo's lovely Delaware Park on the outskirts of the city. By May of 1901, the elaborate buildings and courts, like

Both Sousa and Mexico's official Mounted Band played to rapt audiences at Temple of Music



Electric Tower, 409 feet high, was Exposition hub. Forty thousand light bulbs burned nightly. Searchlight on top threw fifty-mile beam

giant confections of red, gold, and "Niagara green," were complete, and the flags of participating nations, from Canada to Argentina, were unfurled to the breeze for the dedication ceremonies so airily heralded by the pigeons.

Since the President of the United States, William A. McKinley, was on a speech-making tour of the nation, Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt was the guest of honor. Two thousand troops, brassily accompanied by four huge bands, escorted his cortege through the Exposition grounds while forty thousand people jammed the parade route. With him in the carriage was Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. When the assemblage reached the splendid Temple of Music, the military attachés, commissioners, and other representatives from the American nations were given places of honor. The absent President's greeting was read to cheering crowds and was followed, in the fashion of the times, by "noble poems," several prayers, and assorted flights of official rhetoric. There were also messages from various Latin American chief executives, including Zelaya of Nicaragua, Castro of Venezuela, Marroquin of Colombia, Romaña of Peru, Alfaro of Ecuador, Cuestas of Uruguay, and Roca of Argentina. According to one reporter, "strong words for the closer union among the American Republics" were spoken, and after Roosevelt, in his customary forthright manner, and Senator Lodge, with his Bostonian

elegance, endorsed this goal, the official ceremonies closed with "a brilliant electrical illumination."

It was a suitable beginning for a unique event. "Whatever we do," one of the Exposition officials had said earlier, "we must make a beautiful spectacle." To the turn-of-the-century man's unsophisticated eye, this ambition seemed amply fulfilled. Exposition visitors, upon leaving the railroad station, entered an ornate Court via the Plaza. The predominant architectural style was something rather ineptly called "Spanish Renaissance," considered by the directors a fitting expression of "the nature and purpose of the particular enterprise." To the west were the Electricity, Machinery, and Transportation buildings, elaborately decorated with flaring cornices and intricate pediments and friezes and separated by sunken gardens that sparkled with "the choicest of flowers and cooling fountains." To the east were the Agriculture, Manufactures, and Liberal Arts pavilions, alternating with prodigious floral and water displays. Standing in a broad basin to the north was the Exposition's *pièce de résistance*—the Electric Tower, reaching some four hundred feet into the sky, adorned with groupings of muscular sculpture. From a niche in its south side gushed a torrential cascade of water seventy feet high and thirty feet wide. A canal bordered by graceful trees and arched with bridges led west from the basin in which the tower stood, ultimately flowing into



"Bring on the dancing girls" was familiar pitch on Midway. Sitala of "Streets of Mexico" was favorite



Isola Hamilton, "the artist's model," drew crowds at "Around the World" dancing show



"Gayest Paris" arrived in Buffalo in the person of Mademoiselle Dodo, chanteuse and danseuse

Swim champ Cara Beckwith was 1901 version of Esther Williams



Fatima, the Little Tempest, was billed as a "bewitching, black-eyed couche-couchee dancer"



From Algeria to attraction called "Beautiful Orient" came dancer Yamina



Fatma, the Great Tempest, was "supple twirler"



Mirror Lake, a body of water dotted with "grottoes and effects of marvelous beauty and interest." On the vast Esplanade—capable, it was said, of holding 250,000 people—gurgled the Cascade Fountain, with the Esplanade Fountains at either end, surrounded by florid statuary. Here also bandstands supplied a continuous flow of noisy music. Ardent admirers of horn and tuba could see and hear Sousa's Band, the Boston Ladies' Band, the Mexican Artillery Band, and dozens more.

To further beguile and bemuse the visitor, a stadium opposite the Electric Tower held daily sports events, including everything from track games, bicycle races, and cattle shows, to Irish sports, canoe meets, and balloon contests. Special "days" were observed—Coal Men's Day, Liederkranz Day, Commercial Travelers' Day, Scandinavian Day and Puerto Rican Day (the last two celebrated together on July 25), Mexican Day, Brooklyn Day, and Red Men's Day. In the evenings, the Tower and the arcades, mouldings, domes, and roofs of the larger buildings were outlined by "delicate incandescent lamps" of "pure, soft white, like luminous pearls," making the Exposition look like a child's dream of fairyland come true—"all filigreed with sparkling light."

Far more remarkable than this outward glitter, however, was the fact that this was an early attempt at closer inter-American relations and the first exposition in the United States where Latin American nations were officially represented. Its purpose was "to promote trade and social relations between the countries and peoples of North, South, and Central America." Citizens of the three Americas were invited to come and "admire the marvels of applied science and art." Here many North Americans were introduced to Latin American people and products for the first time. Cuba, Chile, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Honduras, and Mexico constructed individual buildings for their exhibits, which ran the gamut from minerals to strawberry-satin pillows and cream-and-rose-silk pincushions embroidered by school children. Chile's surprisingly modern-looking building dispensed with the gingerbread embellishments so common to the era and used steel girders, large windows, and a distinctive flat roof. The displays inside featured the country's famous wines—white, red, sherries, madeira, port, and the sparkling varieties. In a characteristically Cuban pavilion with "graceful columns, high ceilings, . . . and great open windows protected by bars or screens of artistic iron work," the island displayed its aromatic cigars from the Vuelta Abajo and

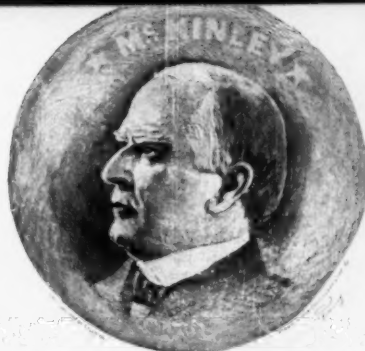
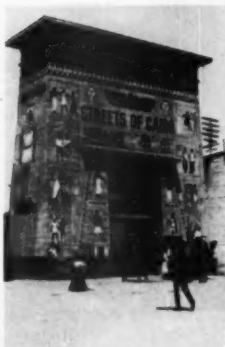


Left: Gypsy royalty was featured in Princess Stellita, who danced the tarantella



Toreros put on bloodless bullfight in arena set up in "Streets of Mexico"

"Streets of Cairo" was part of "Beautiful Orient" attraction



Portrait of U.S. President McKinley, assassinated at Exposition, is drawn in one continuous line



Visitors who thronged aboard this contraption made imaginary voyage from Buffalo to the moon



One of the principal exhibits at the Mexican Building featured the liberal arts

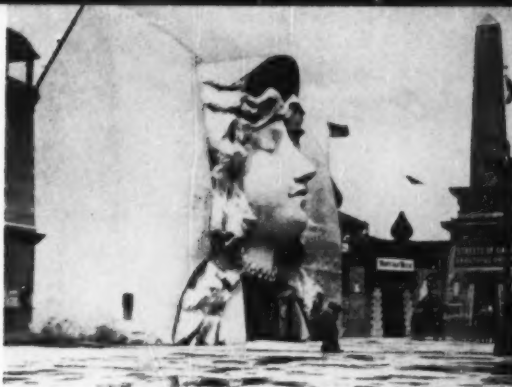
Tumbadero sections of Havana Province. Mexico chose to emphasize mining and forestry. Brazil reserved five hundred feet of space in the Agriculture Building, where it put up a miniature *fazenda*. Argentina exhibited metals, machines, and wool in the same building. A typical *ranchito* was the focal point of the Puerto Rican exhibit.

But while these essentially commercial displays might attract "the home seeker, the investor, and the student," the man-in-the-street got a more informal idea of the exotic and unknown ways of other nations in the amusement section. Among the Midway's many sideshows and concessions was McGarvie's "Streets of Mexico," with cathedral, market place, dance hall (in which "beautiful Mexican maidens and dashing caballeros" danced to the "bewitching strains of a native orchestra"), genuine adobe houses, a restaurant, and a bullring. Here the farmer from Ohio and the prim schoolteacher from Boston could treat their unaccustomed palates to a strange "delicacy"—hot chicken tamales—or to a dish of *frijoles*. Later, they might view with mingled fear and astonishment the grace and daring of *toreros* in "dazzling raiment" pitting their skill against the brute force of "imported Mexican bulls." As a concession to U.S. sensitivity in these matters, the show ended not with the killing of the bull, but with a matador deftly flinging a wreath of flowers about the animal's neck.

Many other curiosities attracted the mustachioed workers, knickered members of bicycle clubs, genteel ladies, and gapping children who came to view the Expo-

sition. They were lured by boat rides in real Italian gondolas at "Venice in America," complete with canals, striped barber poles, romantic bridges, and bronzed, singing gondoliers. At the concession called "Beautiful Orient," they watched with fascination the sinuous gyrations of the Oriental dancing girls, La Bella Rosa and Fatima, "in a realistic display of the charms of the Far East." Some went for a dislocating jaunt on a loping camel or a stump-footed elephant, or rode shrieking down the fearful dips of the scenic railway. At "Esquimaux Village" they chatted with "fur-swathed, slant-eyed Eskimos behind their papier mâché glacier," and in "Fair Japan" were served a pink tea by geisha girls in splendid embroidered kimonos. So cosmopolitan was the Midway that one lady correspondent, reporting the scene, gushed: "A few more such Expositions and we shall have left nothing that is wonderfully wonderful, nothing superlatively strange, and the delicious word 'foreign' will have dropped out of the language."

Those who saw in the extravaganza an opportunity for closer ties among the Americas found a spokesman in Dr. Luis Baralt, Cuban representative to the Exposition: "In this Pan American work," he said, "there has been achieved . . . unity without submersion and distinctiveness without separation, thanks to which we can admire here the most perfect unity without monotony and the richest variety without confusion. And this harmony in buildings which make up the Exposition is symbolic of that which should reign among the different nations that



"Dreamland" was a maze of mirrors where visitors were reflected from thirty-two angles, saw girl invisibly suspended in midair



Among Latin American nations represented at Buffalo in 1901 was Chile, whose building was distinctively modern



constitute the American continent. . . ."

It was a timely statement. Between 1860 and 1890, both the United States and Latin America had been caught in the holocaust of devastating wars. Fear of European domination in the Western Hemisphere had aroused anxiety in the southern continent and caused the United States to invoke the Monroe Doctrine against the French in Mexico. Americans north and south were beginning to realize the value of cultivating mutual friendship, and the earliest manifestations of this new attitude were the Inter-American Conference in 1889 and the Pan American Exposition of 1901.

Ironically, the Exposition that was a symbol of good will was also the scene of a national tragedy. On Friday, September 6, 1901, President McKinley visited the grounds and held an afternoon reception at the Temple of Music. In the throng of people waiting to greet him was Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist, who took his place in line with his right hand wrapped in what appeared to be a handkerchief bandage but which actually concealed a .32-caliber automatic revolver.

A small girl and her father shook hands with the smiling, genial President. Next in line came a dark man who clung so long to the President's hand that he aroused the suspicions of secret-service men stationed about the room. But no one noticed the youth who stood directly behind him, gun in hand. When this "smooth-faced but muscular" young man approached, the President smiled and extended his hand. Czolgosz fired two shots through the handkerchief, and the President reeled, falling into the arms of a nearby detective.

It all happened within the space of a few seconds. Most of the bystanders were too overwhelmed to move or utter a sound, but a Negro waiter, James F. Parker, instantly leaped on the assailant and crushed him to the floor. Police and secret-service men moved in and began to strike him until McKinley gasped, "Let no one hurt him."

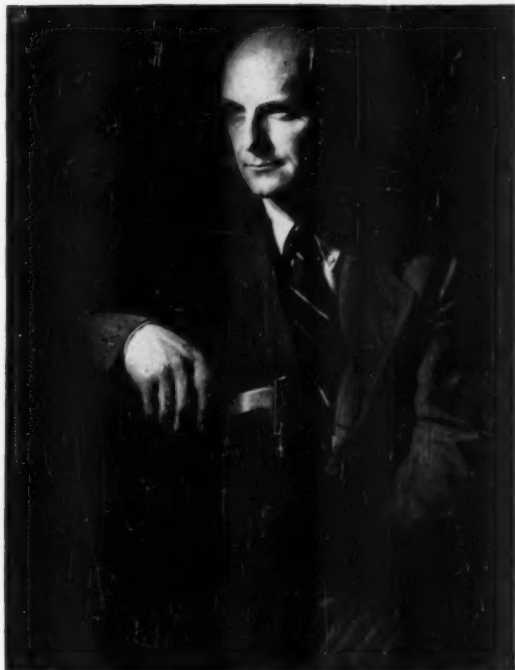
The President was removed by ambulance to a local hospital, where it was found that one wound was superficial but that the other shot had perforated the stomach. Eight days later, on September 14, 1901, McKinley died, and the nation was plunged into mourning. At the Exposition, the martyred President's portrait was draped in black crepe and prominently displayed.

Partly because of the tragic event and partly on account of a "singularly unfavorable state of weather," attendance at the Exposition did not live up to expectations, and the stockholders suffered considerable losses. Nevertheless it closed its gates in November 1901 with a flourish—"music, fireworks, confetti, etc." In *World's Work* magazine, Walter Hines Page reflected soberly: "More important than any specific exhibits . . . is the general lesson that the Exposition will teach . . . concerning our community of interest—a community of interest broader than a condescending trade-relation." And, indeed, the Exposition foreshadowed a new United States policy toward Latin America which embraced a nascent and honest attempt to understand and cooperate with its neighbors in the Hemisphere.

Natural wonder of Niagara Falls made apt contrast to man-made wonders at Buffalo

presenting our Council Chairmen

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On November 21, the OAS Council elected as its new chairman one of the U.S. State Department's leading authorities on Western Hemisphere matters, Ambassador John C. Dreier. Ever since Ambassador Dreier entered the Department in 1941, he has held posts dealing with inter-American affairs, and through his work at postwar conferences has made a noteworthy contribution to the structural growth of the inter-American system and its relationship to the United Nations. In 1947, he was U.S. delegate to the Twelfth Pan American Sanitary Conference; the same year he served as adviser to his country's delegation at the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Continental Peace and Security in Rio de Janeiro; and the following year he attended the Ninth International Conference of American States at Bogotá as Alternate Delegate. He has also served as adviser to the United States Delegation at the Fourth and Fifth Sessions of the UN General Assembly. Ambassador Dreier was born in Brooklyn, New York, was educated at Harvard, and once taught history at Cranbrook School in Michigan. Prior to becoming a diplomat, he was employed by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the Resettlement Administration, and the Departments of Interior and Agriculture.

The newly elected chairman of the OAS Economic and Social Council is Uruguayan Juan Felipe Yriart, who brings to the post a distinguished background in economics.

After attending Montevideo and Oxford universities, he was appointed attaché to the Uruguayan Legation in the United Kingdom in 1939. Since then, he has held offices on many international bodies in this field, among them the Uruguayan Commission that negotiated with the British Economic Commission in 1940; the Joint Uruguayan-Argentine Commercial Commission; and the Uruguayan Commission for Inter-American Development.

He was a member of his country's delegation to the Regional Conference of the River Plate Nations in 1940, and to the Mexico City Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace in 1945. The same year Mr. Yriart was Uruguayan chargé d'affaires *ad interim* in the United States and the following year he was Chairman of the Sites Committee of the UN Headquarters Commission. Besides participating in various conferences of the UN Food and Agriculture Organization, he was an advisor at the Ancey Conference on Tariffs and Trade in 1949 and to the UN Technical Assistance Conference in 1950; and vice-chairman of the Technical Cooperation Commission of the Special Session of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council (1950). Mr. Yriart also serves as Counselor to the Embassy of Uruguay in the United States.



BRAZILIAN SOCRATES

(Continued from page 11)

understand what I've been saying about the Anglo-Saxons," Silvio would tell me, "you should read Rousiers." I immediately went out and got a copy of *La Vie Américaine*. "Come up to the house some evening soon," he invited, "so we can talk in peace. You'll meet Arthur, one of my dear pupils." Of course I accepted, and went over to Niterói, where he lived in a modest little house on the Rua da Constituição. Arthur, who I imagined would be a green young admirer like myself, turned out to be a stout middle-aged gentleman with an imposing black beard and a solid humanistic culture. Of all the master's disciples, he was the one most closely identified with him, and for that reason I found myself bestowing on him the most sincere admiration.

From then on I visited the professor's house often. During that far-too-brief period I was able to confirm all that I already knew of him—his spotless character, his prodigious talent, his immense wisdom, his deep love for Brazil, his devotion to his family, his quiet kindness, and his unaffected modesty. I understood how and why he had evolved from Positivism to Kant's criticism and Spencer's evolutionism. Although I remained faithful to my Christian belief, I admired the sincerity he brought to the exposition of his philosophical, political, sociological, and literary ideas. Above all, I admired the energy with which he would wade into difficult polemics with worthy adversaries and emerge the victor. Many people who knew Silvio only through his virulent literary criticism have a totally erroneous impression of him. After all, there are certain men whose most vehemently phrased opinion does not have that taint of personal attack commonly attributed to it, but simply reflects the strength of their convictions. For example, in connection with General Cambronne's shocking interjection when asked to surrender at Waterloo—a word only Victor Hugo dared to spell out—Bertrand wrote that he was actually a very gentle person, incapable of ever uttering any but the most decorous expressions. As a matter of fact, Silvio Romero never went that far, though he may have come close. He did crack the whip of his stinging words against his opponents, and doubtless they did not spare him either. But after the fight it was wonderful to see the almost childlike candor with which he treated his angriest adversaries.

It would be impossible to go extensively into Silvio Romero's written works, remarkable for their intrinsic value and for the research that went into them. Silvio gave us a definitive evaluation of Brazilian literature up to his time: his *História da Literatura Brasileira*, described by Coelho Netto as "imbued through and through with patriotism," has been justly called "the cathedral of Brazilian thought." It has recently been reprinted in five volumes, carefully edited by the writer's son, Nelson, who added to it unpublished chapters and papers. Silvio Romero himself once complained of being misunderstood by his critics, and he expresses it this way in the first words of his book: "This is a book of love written by a man who for the past twenty years has felt

André Ramos Romero, critic's father, was Portuguese businessman, settled in northern Brazil



His mother, Dona Maria



Brought up in grandparents' home until age of five, Silvio Romero was cared for by Negro "mammy" Antonia

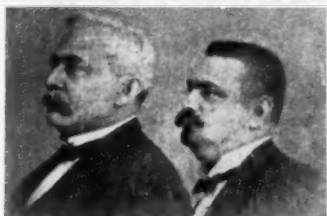
upon his heart the weight of hatred directed against him in his own country. . . ."

The *History of Brazilian Literature* is his masterpiece, but many others could be cited. He wrote, for example, three volumes of excellent poetry. However, following Plato's example, he put down the lute of his youth to devote himself to philosophical thought and social problems, a subject he found more compelling. He analyzed and explained our folklore, on which only a few timid essays without scientific method had previously been written. In several books and numerous scattered essays, Silvio actually created literary criticism in Brazil: before his time it was nothing but unjust attack or uncalled-for praise, with no sure criterion of judgment. He dealt brilliantly with pure philosophy, social science, ethnography, anthropogeography, and Brazilian history and politics. Although this voluminous output was remembered and praised during the centenary celebrations, I do not think it has yet received the wide acclaim it deserves.

What, in sum, were Silvio Romero's teachings as patriot, philosopher, and thinker? A healthy patriotism was the core. Not bogus sentiment, but real patriotism. What good does it do to say we have the most beautiful country in the world, the most fertile soil, the richest underground treasure, the widest rivers, the most marvelous landscapes? What is the use, since no one takes these



First wife, Clarinda Diamantina Correia de Araujo. Romero was married three times. Left: Romero in academic robes



Romero and his disciple Artur Guimarães (the "Arthur" of whom young Mello e Souza stood in awe) in 1904

things seriously any more? Let us memorize Tobias Barreto's verses, which Silvio often quoted:

*Porque não te ergues, ó Brasil fecundo,
Por novas ambições e por altos brios?
Que glória é esta, de mostrar ao mundo,
Em vez de grandes homens, grandes rios?*
Why not rise, oh fecund Brazil,
To new ambitions, higher prides?
What glory is this, to show the world
Great rivers instead of great men?

Why indulge in pseudo-patriotic narcissism when we know that millions of Brazilians live in sickness and ignorance, when we are still unable to develop our wealth, still lacking in economic resources, transportation, and so many other things?

On the other hand, Silvio was not a pessimist, and he would mercilessly ridicule the skeptics who go around shouting that "Brazil is on the verge of an abyss," that "our men are all dishonest and insignificant," that "only foreigners are worth anything. . ."

This is what Silvio Romero taught and wrote: "Peoples are what they are, what they are worth, what race, environment, history, their century, the influence of other peoples have made them. To say that the government makes the people is like saying the cut of his clothes and the way he combs his hair make the man. . . Governments are the result and the expression of the people from whom they emanate; that is why they vary from

country to country or, in the same nation, from time to time. If the people are good, hard-working, progressive, virtuous, they will be just that, at a given moment in history, no matter what their government. But it is incomprehensible that great nations, cultured and intelligent peoples, should entrust their fate to bad governments. Bad governments are made and supported by people lacking in civic education, or by those who have lost it. Athens had legendary royalty, aristocracy, democracy; she reached the heights of splendor; but her people degenerated, and the state fell. Sparta had a strong government, but it was based on social injustice and therefore collapsed even sooner. Rome passed from an elective monarchy through the republic to an imperial regime; and she attained her splendid greatness at a time when the germs of ruin were already attacking the state. No government will ever change Russia from what she is: a Tartarized people without union, without initiative, vacillating between a mad nihilism and a ferocious despotism. By the same token, no monarchy or republic can ever alter the Brazilian people by decree. . . ."

Demoulin's admirably described in what manner, at what sacrifices the English people achieved their greatness. Rousiers did the same for the United States.

After reading Rousiers, I felt strongly impelled to visit the United States. The chance suddenly came when I was twenty, and even during my short stay I noticed many things which I later discussed with Silvio. I saw how hard-working, orderly, enterprising, and honest the U.S. people are. I found that U.S. children do not know dates, except the most important ones in their nation's history; they do not memorize the names of Assyrian kings, the Egyptian pharaohs, or Roman triumvirates; they do not learn petty grammatical rules, the Greek words for metaphors or rhetorical figures. But where and when has such ignorance made men unhappy? The truth is that children there leave school at the age of fifteen ready for life: they know what it is important to know; they are practical people. They are nimble, strong, healthy; they control their nerves and their sinews; they know how to run, to swim, to skip, to defend themselves. This was the kind of upbringing Silvio wanted for our people. In England, Scandinavia, and the United States, we were to seek our models.

In his many addresses at commencement exercises and elsewhere, Silvio always campaigned for the ideas he had pioneered in Brazil. He favored closer ties between Brazil and Portugal, and with the peoples that might later emerge from Portuguese settlements in Africa. Ever receptive to whatever might bring about international harmony, he made one famous speech citing the advantages of a language such as Esperanto.

When he died, on June 17, 1914, the terror of imminent war hung over all of Europe and the world. Through the spring, weakened by disease, and by all the struggle of his existence, he had welcomed his friends and disciples in his tiny bedroom where, like Socrates, this sick old man encouraged them all with comforting words of hope and courage.



FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE

SOME THINGS are beyond explanation, and Carlos Drummond de Andrade isn't even trying to make sense out of what happened to him after he attended a *macumba* (voodoo) session. All he wants, he says in the Rio daily *Correio da Manhã*, is to make sure everyone has the facts straight:

"I am always being asked, in casual conversations on the street, in bars or living rooms where I meet new people or come across someone I have not seen in a long time, exactly what *did* happen on the night of April 20, 1950.

"Old acquaintances are eager to have me confirm the absurd versions that have been woven, nobody knows how, around actually quite simple and not at all far-reaching facts. New acquaintances, smiling with or without bafflement, immediately refer to the adventures of an extraordinary but nebulous significance that are supposed to have taken place that night and in which, they had heard, this journalist was deeply involved.

"To both I reply by scrupulously telling what really happened. Some smile politely, without believing; others believe, but are disappointed—what they had previously been told was far more exciting. Only one, a little old man (he owns a window-frame factory, I am told), to whom I was introduced in the office of Augusto Frederico Schmidt, told me not only that my tale seemed perfectly satisfactory to him but also that if you consider it in the right perspective, the facts sound much more significant and

worthy of reflection. Which was perhaps an exaggeration on his part.

"So it seemed useful to the cause of truth to draft this account of what went on, and how it went on, for the guidance of whoever may be interested.

* * *

"I happened to be alone in Rio at the time, and I was invited by a

couple I know to go along with them on a visit to an *Umbanda* tent where we could witness some of the procedure connected with training mediums. It would not be a transcendental ritual ceremony open to the initiated only. To our little group I added a friend who had not met the couple before but who proved to get along quite well with everybody. The four of us drove over to this place.

"It was on the second floor of an old house not far from the Central do Brasil railroad station. I will not describe the ritual; as a matter of fact it is open to the public, so if you are interested you might just as well go there yourself. The only requirement is a modicum of good behavior. My friend and I were the only ones who had never been there before. The couple obviously belonged, although they were in a special category of *macumba* practitioners: those who, because they come of a higher cultural level, at once believe and do not believe in magic—and they are the most fervid participants. We, the novices, had come along out of base curiosity, but I must say that the folk songs, some of them truly beautiful, captivated me as they issued forth through the thick smoke of liturgical cigars and a vague odor of alcohol.

"There were four of us, and two automobiles. Afterward it was arranged that my friend's chauffeur should follow us to the couple's home and wait while we had a nightcap. But an hour after we had settled in the living room the car still hadn't showed up, and it was no more than



Requinte de gosto e finura na escolha de jóias ou adornos

Brazilian art quarterly Habitat casts jaundiced eye over the field in series of cartoons. This one is labeled: "Fastidious taste and refinement in the choice of jewels or adornments"

a ten-minute ride, especially at that hour.

"We talked more than we drank, and my friend merely smoked. I was therefore astonished when he—notoriously a discreet man and, after all, a stranger to these people—began to discourse on the least edifying, shall we say, subjects; naturally, ably, and wittily, but always keeping just half an inch this side of bad taste. Of course, we were in congenial company, and one or two slightly off-color phrases would not necessarily be a breach of taste; but only Rabelaisian stuff seemed to occur to my friend. Even more to my surprise, our hosts not only were not trying to change the conversation but looked as though they were enjoying the whole thing.

"Not until three hours later—three hours by the clock—did the chauffeur show up. He had no plausible reason for the delay, and his guileless eyes showed that he felt no guilt. He had not been to a tavern or committed any other such untimely act. He had simply



Me acredite, a arte moderna...
"Believe me, modern art..."

taken three hours to follow our car along a short stretch of almost deserted streets.

"We said good-bye and my loose-tongued friend drove me home. On the way I asked what had inspired him to say things so alien to his personality and his nature. He answered that he remembered having made only entirely pertinent comments on conventional subjects. His conscience was untroubled, and I did not want to disturb it.

"I got out in front of my house, took out the key, and put it in the lock. As I did so I turned to wave good-bye to my friend, but he was already out of sight; the car was going around the corner, and all I saw was the taillight,

which looked to me like a small ember in the mist.

"As I turned the key, it seemed to protest, went limp, and broke. 'I'll have to ring the doorbell,' I thought, 'and, much against my inclination, wake up the maid, the only person in the house except the little dog.' When I rang, the dog woke up; the maid did not.

"Repeated, rhythmic, and vigorous pushes on the bell evoked no response beyond the animal's bark and the scratching of his paws on the door. When I stuck my fingers through the letter slot in the door, the dog and I made a noise capable of arousing fifty maids in twenty-five apartments in that block, and all the other neighbors to boot, but still the faithful servant could not be roused.

"Then I pounded on the door, also in vain. To belated passersby I must have looked like a drunk knocking on the wrong door. I left the place and set out to look for one of those bars that hold some hope for the last homeless men. I found one, went straight to the telephone, and stood there dialing my own number, once, twice, five times, ten times, but the call signal pealed in a vacuum. The little dog was probably barking in the house. Nothing else stirred, though.

"Then I went back home, rang the bell some more, and got no response whatever. The janitor from next door came by, scratched his head, and tried to be helpful, but there really wasn't anything he could do.

"I decided to go walking along the beach, since the idea of waking up



O crítico de corda
The mechanical critic

friends so late at night to ask for shelter struck me as cruel. I do know some people who live nearby, I thought

—but no, I won't bother them. Nor will I go to a hotel at 2:15 in the morning with no luggage but a piece of Yale key. Even I would consider myself slightly suspect.

"April mornings are cold anyway, but when you're close to the arpeggio of the waves at that time of day you can't help indulging in all sorts of sad vagaries, more easily come by than discarded. So we roamed, a man and his fragment of a key.

"A streetcar rattled by, and I thought of a less uncomfortable method of roaming. I got on the car—the point was to go as slowly as possible, so time would fly faster—and decided to watch the sun rise on other sections of the city. Sunrise is slow, it will not hurry just because somebody can't get



Lois XV ou Lois XVI?

into the house. At one of the downtown car stops, newsboys were asleep on benches, waiting for the morning papers. Soldiers, women, street cleaners, neutral and dubious types slunk along the street. The night wouldn't give up. It was only 3:45.

"There is perhaps a stupid—and vain—kind of pride in fighting an enemy as powerful as time. It becomes even more terrible at such a late hour, when one's bond with other living things snaps. . . . Of the two of us, I, not time, would be the first to tire.

"I realized this when, without any awareness of returning, I found myself at my starting point. Back, now, to the place where I'd find the house and the impossibility of entering it.

"Sure enough, moments later there I was again ringing the bell, pounding the door, calling out—all of this merging into absolute silence. The dog had grown used to the noise.

"I will not harp on this picture. At 4:50, exhausted, I had the simplest and most reasonable idea: to lie down and go to sleep. Where? All I'd have to do was climb onto a little porch and I'd find a tile floor, doubtless narrow, but nevertheless suitable for sleeping. . . . Things were crumbling, a landslide was about to destroy my



Critica de arte apreciando
An art critic looks at art

being. I opened my eyes to the limpid day, a day on which the baker's delivery boy had just—with involuntary marksmanship—thrown tomorrow's loaf from the street right in my face.

"I got up immediately, leaped to the street, and ran to the bell. At my first ring the door opened, as if I had been expected from time immemorial. When I questioned the maid, she said the night had been peaceful. No one had called.

* * *

"These are the facts. The version whereby I had been taken to infernal places whence I escaped only through high-powered exorcising is absolutely without foundation. I also deny having seen visions, such as a flaming chariot driven by St. Cosmas and St. Damian upon the waves of the sea, while imbibing something in a Rio nightclub called Flair. Nothing but inventions. What happened was only this: an automobile stricken with paralysis, a man who felt compelled to say obscenities and then forget all about them, and another who spent a night roaming the streets.

"Anyone with the slightest knowledge of magic practices knows there is an *Umbanda* kingdom and a *Quimbanda* kingdom; that each has seven lines, each line is divided into seven legions, each legion into seven phalanges, and so on, all made up of spirits, of course; that *Umbanda* is a self-appointed doer of good deeds, and considers *Quimbanda* an evil-doer; that the spirits of one interfere in the work of the spirits of the other, and sometimes are even summoned to perform certain services; that, thus, if you go to an *Umbanda* meeting, you're not free from entanglement with *Quimbanda* spirits.

"Also, there is one particularly curious *quimbandeiro* spirit: the multiple Exú, or fallen angel. He has many names and many facets; he is sly, versatile, and above all a joker, who loves to pull tricks on his corporeal brethren. Exú works at crossroads. On his head—so say authorized sources—a red light always shines, and its fluid consistency is permanently clothed in a grayish veil.

"Personally, I'm inclined to believe that Exú's little red light was shining in the taillight of that car, at the corner in the mist."

BAD TASTE

NO ONE—including U.S. tourists—ever has a good word to say for English cooking. About a year ago in these pages, Salvador Reyes, a Chilean, communicated his despair at the dishes placed before him in Britain, and hinted at a relationship between England's achievements and its attitude toward food. Now an article by Eladio Secades in the Cuban weekly *Bohemia* suggests that similar complaints from U. S. sources are out of place:

"This is not intended as an axiom, nor as a paradox: in the United States they live well—but they eat badly. In that country, they enjoy all the comforts. So long as the average man has a nickel, he'll find a slot to put it in. He inserts a nickel for a cup of coffee to warm the stomach, and for music to please the spirit. Our mainland neighbors have mechanized everything, but still they work from sunrise to sunset, in a desire for constant improvement. . . . Everything has improved—except the meals. In any of those profusely

lighted restaurants in New York, the food is so innocuous that you can consume an entire *table d'hôte* without recourse to either the siesta or the bicarbonate. Glancing over the menu, you feel like rubbing your hands with joy at the prospect of an excellent investment, all for a dollar and a quarter. But then all this is reduced to nothing. You order fish, and they bring you a dish that compares in variety of colors with an artist's palette. A little cream. A lettuce leaf. A pile of parsley. A sprinkling of peas. Rings of tomato. A good-sized beet. And the fish? That's the least important thing. To find it calls for patience, for at worst it is lost in this confusion of ornaments. I knew a Spaniard who ordered a filet mignon in a New York restaurant and was given a plate that was a miracle of decoration, but he couldn't find the meat. 'I want a beefsteak,' the customer protested, 'not a work of art.'

"Take the story of two Latin Americans walking along Forty-second Street, seeking a restaurant for their daily martyrdom. They discovered in one window, full of gay colors and luminous signs, two beautiful Morro crabs with large, tempting claws reddened by the fire. The room they entered was filled with small tables with flowers on them, and the delicate music of a violin caressed the atmosphere. A slim blonde approached, extending menus toward them. The new arrivals pointed to the crabs in the window. The girl burst into delighted laughter—they were of cardboard, painted by a window-design expert. She so enjoyed the success of this commercial maneuver that she called the proprietor: 'These gentlemen thought the crabs were real.' 'How funny!' he laughed. 'You haven't any crabs except for display purposes?' 'No, sir.' 'Then bring us two orders of ham and eggs.'

". . . They exhibit salads in the windows, and when we Cubans enter the restaurant and look at the furiously illuminated dish, our comment is not 'How tasty!' but 'How pretty!' We, who learned from the Spaniards that the fundamental things at table are political talk and food, cannot get used to the New York system. . . . Insensibly, in the quick-lunch, we come to feel as if we were in an art gallery, and we would like to find the cook's

signature beside each plate. In that sense, this country is made for those who eat with their eyes rather than with their mouths—who do not know the Latin pleasures of table talk between sips of good coffee and puffs of good tobacco. To get rid of ulcers, nothing better has ever been invented. The North American eats little, and at top speed. With the last bite he begins to run. This country, where they do their digesting in the subway, where the formula of automatic restaurants has become established over the years, can never be a land of gastronomes. In the automatic restaurant we experience the comic but disagreeable sensation



of finding in our mailbox not correspondence but a couple of fried eggs.

"That nation of great multitudes concedes food a very relative importance, which explains why there are people who eat in drugstores. A drugstore, in those latitudes, is a place where you can buy a hot dog, a bound copy of the Bible, a pair of socks, a toothbrush, a screwdriver, and even, occasionally, some medicine or other. Not a few of these establishments have charming uniformed waitresses who, for commercial reasons, are carefully chosen, as if for the *Follies*. Which invites the deduction that perhaps those New York restaurant owners might be the salvation of the Cuban theater and the cabarets of Havana. . . . But I have observed in these delightful girls that after a period of working eight terrible hours racing from one place to the other, carrying heavy trays, their muscles and calves become hard and deformed. This negative kind of sport has created a

modern siren, half doll and half professional ballplayer.

"North Americans eat slowly only when they have a business appointment with a friend. These meals have a double attraction: they begin with a cocktail and end with brandy, and the wife remains at home. Two elements that turn the ears red, enliven the mind, and stimulate *joie de vivre*.

"If it weren't for the delicate problem of bad food, it would be worth while spending a long time in the great country that has discovered—among many other things—that besides sardines and squid, beer and typewriter ribbons may be sold in cans. It has installed the fast and the practical, and suppressed the useless. It might almost be said that the North American goes to needless trouble only when he takes off his hat in the elevator as a woman enters, and when he stands up in the seventh inning."

COFFEE WITH CREAM

THE PROBLEMS besetting a small country with virtually a one-crop economy are not being allowed to fester in El Salvador, writes M. Barba Salinas in *Anaqueles*, publication of the republic's National Library:

"Among the independent nations of the American continent, El Salvador is the one with the highest population density and the smallest area. It stands in third place among world coffee producers, and since at present the golden bean has reached high prices and the market prospects are excellent, the Salvadorean economic situation is truly promising. According to the forecasts of economic observers and the current outlook of world markets, coffee prices will remain at encouraging levels for the next ten years.

"With such prospects as these, and with the country facing social problems that require immediate solution—health, soil conservation, mass housing, wholesome diet for the vast majority, diversification of industry, and so on—a plan of economy and production that takes advantage of the coffee situation can lay the foundations for effectively raising the general standard of living within a five-year period and for varying the sources of production. At present Salvadorean life depends for subsistence on agri-

culture and, despite the country's extraordinary prosperity, there is an abyss between the lucky few and the mass of the population. . . .

"Since coffee now controls our economy, constituting eighty per cent of the total value of exports, the country must at all costs diversify its exports with new agriculture and processing industries—without neglecting its present coffee riches, of course, and doing all it can to maintain its place as third in world production.

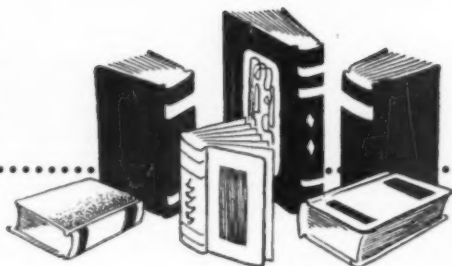
"Only this kind of socio-economic policy can free the nation from the immense risks it runs by staking the entire fortune of its extremely dense population on a single turn of fate's roulette wheel, as happens today.

"This seems to be precisely the plan contemplated by the Ministry of Economy. To diversify agriculture, efforts are to be made to promote wide cultivation of tropical fruits, which have a good market abroad and which in the future will be as much a source of wealth as coffee. Another item for agriculture will be the dividivi tree, whose fruit produces an extract used in tanning—a product with an enormous world market, selling at magnificent prices. Also on the program is drainage and development of the coastal regions, where the cultivation of cereals, cotton, and oil plants will then be encouraged.

"With promotion of industry in mind, commercial treaties with the Central American countries will be negotiated. For only an isthmus-wide market of ten million people can give manufacturing a prosperous and normal life—not an artificial life onerous to the people, as would result from heedless protective tariffs, which raise prices on consumers' goods, unjustifiably benefiting monopoly capital and directly harming the poor. . . .

"The time is propitious and unique for substantial reform of Salvadorean life, to wipe out misery in the midst of abundance and advance toward well-being for all. Only then will civilization and culture come within the grasp of the greatest possible number of human beings within the small confines of our territory, without monstrous contradictions that fill those who think with shame and those who suffer with indignation."

BOOKS



BOLIVAR: REBEL AND HERO

AMERICAS asked Arturo Usler Pietri, a long-term student of Bolívar as well as a professor and former Venezuelan Cabinet member, to comment on the two new books on the Liberator that have aroused stormy discussion throughout the Hemisphere. He replied that he had already given his views on each of them separately in the Caracas newspaper *El Nacional's* literary supplement, which he directs. Because these very interesting views would not otherwise be available to many of our readers, we are departing in this case from our usual practice of printing only original material to present, in the following article, the text of the two reviews, combined by the author. We thank the editors of *El Nacional* for permission to present his stimulating opinions here. AMERICAS readers will remember Usler Pietri's lively interpretation of the hero, "The Hammock of Bolívar," in our April 1951 issue.

TWO IMPORTANT BOOKS on Simón Bolívar have recently appeared, one by Salvador de Madariaga and the other by Waldo Frank, representing widely different concepts. Both views—of the European-minded Spaniard and the world-minded North American who believes in the New World's destiny—are clearly revealed in the two works. In this brief analysis I shall try to point out the peculiarities of each.

It was easy to foresee that Madariaga's *Bolívar* would provoke many heated protests and debates. The author himself was aware of this and mentioned it several times in the course of his book, in a sort of nervous and useless attempt to defend himself in advance.

Madariaga's writing is characterized by free expression, cosmopolitanism, and a tendency to look at, measure, and judge things from a proudly personal point of view. His famous *Spain* exhibits all the vices and virtues of those qualities. In fluent, clear, and conversational prose, he likes to start, in true Spanish style, with some paradox, develop it with fine French clarity, then add a few obscure touches of English poetry and intuition.

Madariaga, the great intellectual mestizo of Hispanic literature (brought up on the difficult combination of Spanish, French, and English culture), finds in his own character and training greater obstacles to understanding Bolívar than those he faced with the other two great figures of his New World trilogy, Columbus and Cortés.

Papini used to say, in a paradox abounding in truth, that to understand Dante and be able to write his biogra-

phy you would have to be Catholic, Florentine, and Gueff. It would be no worse an exaggeration to say that to comprehend the inner workings of Bolívar you must be a true *criollo*, with all the attitudes, actions, and emotions that implies.

With his European outlook, Madariaga does not manage to get at Bolívar from within—to appreciate what certain phrases, concepts, or men meant to him; what history and subjective values were contained for him in simple words like "Spaniard," "Negro," "Indian," "American," "the plains of the New World," and so on. Madariaga studies him eagerly and intelligently, but generally from outside.

Moreover, we can see his Spanish prejudice against Bolívar. Madariaga blames him, sometimes tacitly, sometimes explicitly, for having destroyed the Spanish Empire—only to try vainly to reconstruct it later. He seems to think the great man's genius could have been employed in a more useful enterprise.

Clearly, this is not *the* biography of Bolívar, which is still to be written. There are few heroes on whom more has been written and more documentary material amassed, yet Bolívar does not yet have the book that



Portrait of Simón Bolívar painted in 1824 by José de Castro

will present him, alive and real, in action and in accomplishment.

Madariaga's work is, rather, an extensive and pleasant discourse on the hero and questions connected with him. Bolívar neither fills the book nor comes to life in it. The man we see live is Madariaga, as we watch him reason and say sharp and penetrating things about Bolívar and the end of Spain's American empire.

This brilliant presentation of the Spanish view of Bolívar fills a need in Bolivarian literature. It shows what a cosmopolitan Spaniard, who did not forget his

depths of his spirit and his intricate motives—not to explain him but to try to catch a glimpse of him. Even if it had no other merit, Madariaga's book would have the very valuable one of demonstrating the difficulty of trying to explain him by any simple motivation. It alerts us to the temptation to believe that three or four general formulas, expressing more patriotic vanity than human truth, suffice for understanding him.

If Bolívar, like Don Quixote (to whom he has so often and so superficially been compared), had been able to read what has been written on his life, he would certainly have uttered as many protests at most of it as the Knight of La Mancha hurled at the unknown Avellaneda. It is a mark of humanity that we can never fully recognize ourselves in any portrait. Which proves not only how little we know ourselves, but also how desperate is the undertaking of those who attempt to portray us.

Madariaga's *Bolívar* could not be anything but the Bolívar of Madariaga; certainly it is different from the Bolívar of others, and from Bolívar's Bolívar. But it is valuable and irreplaceable as a view added to all the other views, enriching, by complement or contrast, the vision each of us has of the great man.

Still another view is contained in Waldo Frank's *Birth of a World: Bolívar in Terms of his Peoples*. Of all U.S. authors, Frank has enjoyed the most fame and popularity in the Hispanic world. Back in the 1920's, when the Rodó *Ariel* conception of America prevailed and high barriers of ignorance and suspicion kept the two Americas apart, Waldo Frank began to publish warm and inspired books about Spain and Spanish America. To young Spanish Americans, his *Virgin Spain* and *Primer Mensaje a la América Hispana* (*First Message to Hispanic America*) were like the revelation of a new understanding. Frank was admired and exalted as an apostle. He was showered with homage and applause. His literary position in his own country, however, was more modest than the enthusiastic *criollos* could possibly imagine.

Frank touched on the subject of Bolívar in some of his earlier works. His poetic, intuitive, and idealistic interpretation of Hispanic America made Bolívar a sphinx-like symbol of that chaotic world.

The book he has just published is not exactly a biography. Nor is it a historical work. Rather, it is like an interpretative song of Bolívar and his world. It is nearer to poetry than history. It is divided into three parts, "The Kingdoms," "The Peoples," and "The Man." Through the three sections the story of Bolívar is interwoven with historical, geographical, and social evaluations and syntheses.

The book's poetic tone shows up not only in the subjective, ardent, vibrant style, but also in the constant recourse to allegory, intuition, and magic. Bolívar is presented as an Envoy or Prophet. His whole destiny, like that of the heroes of chivalry, is woven of symbols and premonitions. Like the mythical characters of the epics, he descends to the primitive world of Chaos and finds the formula for salvation. His Hades' is the Chaos of America—the primary and inscrutable world personi-



Salvador de Madariaga



Waldo Frank

cultural heritage either in Paris or in London, is able to understand of Bolívar. Despite certain factual errors due to incomplete information, Madariaga's thorough statement of this point of view has the value of widening the panorama of Bolivarian interpretation and making the complexity of the man and his work more evident.

Bolívar loses nothing by being judged from many vantage points. His figure will always appear clearer and more alive in the converging beams of many lights than in the tiresome repetition of the kind of canonical saint's life or Bolivarian dogma that many endeavor to establish. The day there is no room for polemics, contradictory opinions, and doubts about Bolívar, he will cease to live in history and will become a museum model or an absurdly perfect character in an insipid romantic novel.

Bolívar's life bristles with subjects for debate. The analysis of his political ideas alone is enough to set off endless dispute. And his behavior toward Miranda, Santander, and San Martín lends itself to a variety of interpretations made in good or bad faith.

A man who lived as he lived and did what he did is a very complex being for a historian to attempt to analyze definitively at one sitting, as an entomologist classifies an insect. The most we can hope for is to dive into the

fied by the Indian, the Negro, the Mestizo, the Jungle, the Orinoco.

In composing his strong and symmetrical song, Frank sometimes falls into the error of over-simplifying history and seeking an arbitrary perspective. His view of Venezuelan geography and people is not always correct. His picture of the history of Spain and the Indies tends to be one-sided and literary, even though his fundamental concept of Hispanic "theodemocracy" may be largely valid and can be taken as the root of Bolívar's idea of unity and of his mission.

Bolívar is portrayed as a prophet who accepts his destiny yet is always on the point of evading it, constantly wavering between being and not being the prophet. This is a basic theme of Greek tragedy—the hero who struggles against the fate the chorus announces for him.

This poetic manner of presenting Bolívar is naturally obscure. But it has poetry's dazzling moments of explosive illumination as well as its obscurity. It is not the story of a man or the presentation of an era. The breath of poetry transfigures everything into the materials of myth. Everything surrounding the hero is sign and enigma. He is a Bolívar-Siegfried, a Bolívar-Beowulf, a Bolívar-Arthur, doing battle with the enchanters, magicians, dragons, and potions making up the chaos of the American world. He is surrounded by symbols. Bríón is one, Péton another, Piar another.

Each of the sections of his world is embodied in a magical personality. Santander is New Granada, Páez is Venezuela. Santander and New Granada are schizoid, with a split personality. Páez and Venezuela are undivided, as an organic contact exists between the leader and the people.

Bearing the fundamental "theodemocratic" heritage of Spain, Bolívar is not only "the last true king of the Hispanic spirit" but also the prophet of a new world. The Spanish will to make an empire revived in him, but "... not for power like Rome, not for profit like Britain ... for all men and for the whole man." This is the undertaking he begins but knows he will not see completed—the task of bringing order to the chaotic world he has liberated, which starts off by devouring him. This new order will come, however, and will take the form he foresaw. An order in which there will be room for all the nations, all the races, all the freedoms. Bolívar thus becomes the "culture hero of our Hemisphere."

This moving and rhapsodic book is certainly a work of deep and sincere love—for Bolívar and for Venezuela. More than as a poet and, above all, more than as a historian, Frank speaks as a champion with unshakable faith. He sings a hymn to the hero of his own vision of America. And he sings it in the highest and most beautiful tone his voice can achieve. Of all the books in English on Bolívar, this is one of the best from a literary standpoint. Its dazzling, poetic, and prophetic picture may not be the most adequate way of presenting Bolívar to the Anglo-Saxon public, but it is certainly one of the most impressive and stimulating. This Mosaic, Promethean, Aenean Bolívar will not be easy to erase from the

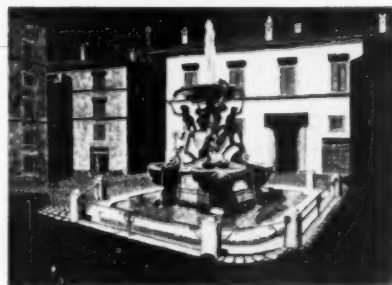
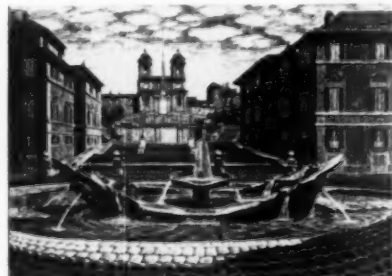
imagination of those who read the book. And, as often happens, there will be more truth in this poetic invocation than in the inert enumerations and dates of the historians.

The book's quality is impaired by numerous historical inaccuracies that could have been eliminated by careful research. Some are important, such as saying that the port of Coro was the first mainland point touched by Columbus. Others, like describing the colonial university with the Gothic towers that Guzmán Blanco later added to it, are insignificant. But all of them are clearly unnecessary and harmful. With this book, nevertheless, Waldo Frank has crowned his vigorous life's work of fostering a better understanding of Hispanic America.

Madariaga's book and Frank's start out from two different points of view, are executed with two different literary techniques, and contain two almost contradictory messages. For Madariaga, Bolívar is, above all, a rebel against an empire that fell prematurely; for Frank he is, principally, a "culture hero" of a world still struggling to be born. There is room for all this and more in the immense figure of this extraordinary man, without exhausting its possibilities.—*Arturo Usler Pietri*

BOLÍVAR, by Salvador de Madariaga. Mexico City, Editorial Hermes, 1951. 2 vols. Illus.

BIRTH OF A WORLD: BOLÍVAR IN TERMS OF HIS PEOPLES, by Waldo Frank. Boston, Mass., Houghton Mifflin, 1951. 432 p. Illus. \$5.00



"Rome is the city of fountains," declares Katharine del Valle, and she tells of their history and the legends they portray in *Leyendas de Fuentes Romanas* (Legends of Roman Fountains), recently published, in a Spanish translation by Rubén Darío, Jr., by Kraft, Buenos Aires. The two engravings above are among Henri de Louqueyessie's handsome illustrations for the volume. La Baraccia (The Little Boat Fountain), by Pietro Bernini, was inspired by an incident in the great Tiber River flood of 1598. The lower view is of La Tartarughe (Fountain of the Turtles), one of the most graceful, which decorates the somber Piazza Mattei.

AMERICAN BAROQUE

EXPLORING THE BAROQUE ART of our Hemisphere is equivalent to penetrating the very nucleus of our culture. Between the second half of the seventeenth century and the end of the eighteenth, a process of transculturation took place between two worlds: a virgin America with infinite possibilities, pouring its riches on Europe, and a Europe that was extending its boundaries of knowledge.

For America, at least, the process was not painful. On the contrary, it allowed the inhabitants to use new creative media to express artistic feeling that had already achieved an apex of its own on American soil before the Europeans' arrival. Because of this esthetic cross-breeding during the flourishing of the Baroque in America, we can call the eighteenth century the most important in Latin American cultural history. Just leafing through Pál Kelemen's *Baroque and Rococo in Latin America* is enough to confirm this idea.

Up to now, most historical or stylistic studies of Latin America's colonial art have centered on Mexico and Peru. Concentrating on these two inexhaustible storehouses of art in America, they have often passed in silence over cultural regions which, even though they may not match Peru and Mexico in the extent of their esthetic production, nevertheless blazed trails and left lasting evidence of the vigorous blending of indigenous and Iberian art.

For this reason Kelemen's impeccable volume, resulting from meticulous study of important examples of the best colonial art, which the author sought out in all corners of Spanish and Portuguese America, will serve as a definitive source when the history of eighteenth-century culture in America is written.

Having visited most of the places he mentions and analyzed the buildings, objects, and paintings on the spot, the author offers us a true panorama of the Baroque in America. The fact that he studied with Heinrich Wölfflin in Munich would have qualified him to undertake such a task. Kelemen, nevertheless, does not follow rigidly the formalistic theories of his teacher, which might have drawn him into a sterile and cold presentation of formulas. On the contrary, by skillfully weaving his stylistic analysis into the historical background and sprinkling it with human interest, the author has produced a book you can read straight through, equally appealing to the student of history and to the devotee of art.

Some chapters, moreover, are of special importance to English-speaking readers because they deal with subjects never before studied in that language. The one on colonial Colombia, for example, gives a magnificent description of the churches and convents of a country whose art has been mentioned very little in English. Similarly, the section devoted to sculpture in Quito is valuable not only to U.S. students, who have here an opportunity to inform themselves on a most important aspect of colonial art, but to all readers interested in sculpture. Special attention is given to the Quito school of religious sculptors, from the founder, Bernardo Legarda, to that extraordinary Indian woodcarver Manuel Chili, known as Casicara.



Brilliant baroque doorway in La Compañía Church, Quito.
Illustration from Pál Kelemen's book

Central American architecture is another subject on which little has been written in English, and Kelemen devotes a chapter to it under the title "Earthquake Baroque," which in itself indicates the reason for the outstanding characteristic—massive solidity—of the old buildings of Guatemala, Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and El Salvador.

The chapters do not always follow national or regional lines, however. The elements of Baroque expression in America give the author an opportunity to trace the frequency with which certain forms occur in the complex panorama and to note their variations. Thus one chapter deals with cathedrals and another with Christ in the New World. This over-all interpretation is done with marked competence. In the field of painting, the chapter "Unknown Painters" amply demonstrates not only the strength and permanence, but also the permeability, that European tradition showed in its contact with the American creative artist.

Today the Baroque is receiving increasingly serious attention and, as the Catalan critic Eugenio D'Ors said in his memorable essay *Lo Barroco*, it is considered as something more than a historical art style—a whole cultural style or even a philosophical category going beyond the realm of style. So Kelemen's work, in defining America's contribution to the historical current of the Baroque, is of permanent value.

Just as he did nine years ago with his penetrating study of the pre-Columbian cultures, *Medieval American Art*, Pál Kelemen has again rendered the culture and prestige of Latin America a distinguished service.—José Gómez Sicre

BAROQUE AND ROCOCO IN LATIN AMERICA, by Pál Kelemen. New York, Macmillan, 1951. 302 p. plus 192 pages of plates. \$16.50

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



Officially accepting the generous gift of \$97,267.74 from the people of Uruguay to the people of El Salvador, alternate OAS representative Carlos A. Siri (left), chargé d'affaires of the Salvadorean Embassy in Washington, recently thanked Uruguayan Ambassador José A. Mora (right) as OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras looked on. The money will be used for repairing the damage done to the Central American republic by the earthquake of May 6, 1951.

When twenty-eight young women graduates from Bogotá's Instituto Pedagógico arrived in Washington recently, at the head of their list was a visit to the Pan American Union's Columbus Memorial Library. Traveling completely under their own auspices and initiative, with Miss Graciela Gutiérrez (front row, second from left) as their leader, they were greeted in the new reading room by PAU officials including OAS Secretary General Alberto Lleras (left, standing), PAU Education Division chief Guillermo Nannetti (partly hidden) and Dr. Francisco Céspedes, chief of the PAU elementary-education section. While at the Union, the Colombians were brought up to date on recent OAS activities and received a firsthand description of its new primers for use in literacy campaigns.



In the interest of increasing the productivity of the nation's petroleum industry, the Mexican Petroleum Workers' Union decided late in 1950 to send a group of its members to the United States to study all aspects of drilling, production, pipeline and refining methods, and the practices of trade union organizations. Approved by both the Mexican and the U.S. governments as part of the Point Four program, costs of the trip, including salaries, training, transportation, and maintenance, were assumed by both the United States and *Petróleos Mexicanos* (PEMEX). In Washington recently on their tour, which for some would last several months, for others, a year, a group of the oil workers visited the Pan American Union, where they paused before the bust of Benito Juárez, Mexico's national hero.



After the OAS Economic and Social Council elections, on November 8, the outgoing officers cordially greeted the new. Here (from left) former vice-chairman Jorge Hazera, of Costa Rica, and former chairman Jorge Mejía Palacio, of Colombia, congratulate Uruguay's Juan Felipe Yriart, chairman-elect, and vice-chairman-elect Alfonso Cortina, of Mexico.

NEW GOVERNMENT FOR URUGUAY

(Continued from page 5)

vidually, give orders of any kind."

Ordinary sessions of the Council will be held at specified times, and special sessions when requested by the Chairman or any two members. At least five members must be present, and the Chairman will have a voice and vote. And—under a clause showing noteworthy foresight—the Council may reverse any of its decisions by a majority vote.

Here we have the general picture of the structure and functions of Uruguay's unique experiment—the National Governing Council. The importance of the extensive debate in the legislature on the pro's and con's of the move should not be underestimated. An impartial study of the transcripts reveals a thorough and heated discussion, and raises serious doubts.

It was argued that more urgent problems existed than that of political forms: the drop in agricultural production, the industrial crisis, unemployment, poor transportation, insufficient electric power, inadequate housing. One Representative even resorted to fashionable Freudian explanations: "There is a mental illness characterized by a flight of the ego from reality, by the elimination of actual problems in a world created for our own satisfaction; a world of images that are first exaggerated and then completely detached from reality; in the beginning a daydream and in the end a sleepwalker's act. . . . From abroad, it might look like an entire country concentrating on the empty formulas of constitutional reform while the house burns down."

The whole situation could even bring to mind the cynical statement of Graham Greene's character in *The Third Man*: "Italy with its tumult, revolutions, and wars has produced many saints, heroes, and artists; Switzerland, with five hundred years of peace and democracy, has produced the cuckoo clock."

We quickly reject these doubts and this cynicism that is too European for our American minds. When all is said and done, it would be hard to convince us that having abundant confidence in ourselves is worse than being disillusioned. We must believe in Uruguay as we believe in the idealism of Don Quixote. To our way of thinking, this country—so appealing for its beaches, its rolling pampas, and above all the special goodness of its people—is making a contribution to America that is refreshingly different in a menacingly uniform world. It is offering its institutional ideas as Mexico offers its painters, Brazil its music, or Argentina its literature.

No one can predict the destiny of democracy on American soil. The word itself could take on different popular, proletarian, or trade-union meanings. For "words have gone crazy" in our time. But the historian will surely record the action of President Martínez Trueba in voluntarily relinquishing his recently acquired powers to make way for the Governing Council; and that of the opposition leader, Dr. Herrera, in uniting with his long-standing adversaries to effect a change his party has opposed. And Gide's last words will be applied to Uruguay: "I believe in the virtue of small countries."

The capital has striking coastline, with fine beaches nearby



Downtown Avenida 18 de Julio commemorates proclamation of Uruguay's first constitution in 1830



Stock-raising is backbone of the country's economy, uses most of the farm land



OF MANNERS AND MORALS

(Continued from page 3)

permitted such outrages and frivolity, accompany the humor of his articles. Behind them the future *mambí*—the fighter for freedom—can be discerned.

He was born in Havana in 1843. A lawyer and lyric poet, he was a member, along with his brother Federico, of that celebrated expedition of the *Galvanic* with men and arms sent by émigré Cubans in the United States to the field of revolution, mocking the Spanish blockade. He won fame as an orator at the Assembly of Guáimaro, which drew up a constitution for the Republic of Cuba in Arms. After the Pact of Zanjón in 1878 put an end to the first war of separation, which had lasted ten years, he returned to a literary life and died, still firm in his ideals, in 1885.

In the articles he began to publish in 1863 in the newspaper *El Siglo*, Luis Victoriano attacked dancing, over-elaborate fashions and adornments, the deceitful toupée, tasteless popular songs, gambling, wakes, and so on. But, as I say, historical problems gnawed at his spirit, and on occasion he gave way to his concern. One of these articles, "*Una Rumba*," sets forth the giddiness and indifference of young people interested only in dancing and amusements at a time when their country faces grave difficulties. He says:

"Science is long, life is short, and the fatherland—who worries about it? If we are born today to die tomorrow, why such eagerness to study and work for the future? The future . . . who knows? Let us enjoy ourselves now, for a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and everyone does as he pleases. Meanwhile, let the fatherland enjoy itself too!"

His own theory of *costumbrismo* is found in "*Gente Ordinaria*" (Ordinary People), in which he points out that "he who proposes to study customs with a view to correcting them must seek them out wherever they are." For him, "the genre writer's inquiring glance must penetrate everywhere to pry out from everywhere the worm of bad education."

A recurring theme of Luis Victoriano's, one rarely found in earlier *costumbristas*, is the question of woman's place. Here the right of women to education, to freedom of choice in marriage, all those arguments raised in women's behalf by feminist movements at the end of the century, find a champion. He discusses these questions seriously, but with touches of humor, in three articles—"El Matrimonio," "*El Diablo y la Mujer*" (The Devil and the Woman), and "*Consejos del Diablo*" (Advice from the Devil).

"Man," says Luis Victoriano, "vociferates against monopoly in commerce, and monopolizes the rights of women; he thunders against tyranny, and tyrannizes over women; he writes odes to freedom, and denies women their emancipation. Education, Messrs. Philosophers, is not for this one alone, or for that one; freedom is not for this one alone, or for that one; education is for all like the sun, and, like the sun, freedom is for all."

Every Cuban will recognize the types he writes about.



Negro pair show off their finery. Flirtatious mulatto girl below is less picturesque, more elegant



Familiar scene to any city-dweller, but this is Havana seventy years ago



He draws a masterful silhouette of the "cousins," family parasites who enjoy special privileges in their aunts' houses: "The moment [the cousin] filters through the door he upsets the girls, goes to the kitchen, lights a cigar, eats a plate of sweets made by one of his cousins, pinches the cook, embraces the mulatto dressmaker, and returns to the dining room; if he sees flowers he takes them, in spite of opposition, and goes into the living room. There he seats himself among five or six little winged angels, snatches one's embroidery, another's book, mortifies all of them, and with his loud voice annoys the old woman, who gets up and leaves with her hands to her wig."

Another butt of Luis Victoriano's humor is "chickens"; here he assimilates swaggering youth into the poultry family, finding funny and surprising comparisons: "The young chicken is a woman in miniature, with voluminous skirts, breastbone, cluck, and as many other baubles as the shops can hold. Whenever I see one of these spruce little girls I recall those human junkshops who, in order not to leave their ornaments at home, weigh themselves down with necklace, watch chain, watch, locket, cord for eyeglasses, and brooch, not to mention a thousand other gewgaws."

But he really unleashes his mockery against Cubans' inveterate passion for dancing. What sarcasm and subtle irony, what a wealth of ingenuity to upbraid this Cuban shortcoming! It is hard to find one page of his without some sparkling reference to dancing. The critic marvels not only at Luis Victoriano's faculty for arousing mirth, but also at his gift for inventing strange names. In his constant ridicule of dancing he speaks of "medical-orthopedic-choreographic institutes"; aiming his satire at a certain kind of novel, he describes a book as a "romantic-fantastic-chivalric novel." And, pondering the prevalence of the most unnatural fashions, he harks back to the moment when Adam and Eve invented the "green apron."

Other articles of his take the reader on a tour of Havana, a comic vision of different places in the city; or to a salon where girls are intoning popular songs—which enables the writer to reveal how clumsy and incoherent many of the verses are. Equal wit is found in "Gente Ordinaria," or in "La Habana de 1810 a 1840," or in the one that tells of a student's stay in the country.

"Here I am enjoying myself immensely," he has the student say, "and at the same time I deplore the ignorance of the majority of our peasants. There are more than ten people, white and black, who banish the 'evil eye,' and call themselves sorcerers, and as they themselves say so and really believe it, everyone trusts and respects and consults them, even the sacristan himself."

I could go on like this, analyzing many other worthwhile genre pieces mirroring figures and customs of colonial Cuba. A noted romantic poet, José Jacinto Milanés, published a collection entitled *El Mirón Cubano* (*The Cuban Onlooker*). These are written in dramatic form, and the onlooker, who represents the author, injects himself into the dialogue. All are heavily charged with moralizing, which undermines their interest.

I should also examine, if space permitted, the *Cuadros de Costumbres Cubanas*, by Juan Martínez Villerga, or Juan Francisco Valero's *Cuadros Sociales*. And a word of praise should also go to that anthology published in 1881 under the title *Tipos y Costumbres de la Isla de Cuba*, with an introduction by Antonio Bachiller y Morales and illustrations by Patricio de Landaluze, that gifted sketcher of colonial Cuba. But I believe that those I have mentioned present a panorama of our *costumbrista* literature of the nineteenth century.

This article might conclude with the very interesting question of the survival of this flourishing literature in republican Cuba. I could cite several distinguished authors, but all inferior in both quantity and merit to the many and excellent *costumbristas* whose work appeared during the past century.

The decline of genre writing, together with the disappearance of traditional customs in our country, has been explained as the result of the loss of an economy of our own. Our economy has become to a great extent parasitic; it depends on state budgets, on the export of a single product—sugar. This is true enough. But certainly the present-day world, with its commercial and cultural exchange through the press, radio, and the rest, has wiped out many of those peculiarities that once gave every country in the world its special character, its unique profile. This makes the contribution of *costumbrismo* to nineteenth-century literature all the more valuable.



No false alarms these. Cuban business houses maintained private fire department staffed by employee volunteers

GODS OF THE GARDEN

(Continued from page 18)

Thus the fertility idol of Borinquén (the Indian name for Puerto Rico) consisted mainly of a conical design, usually well executed, that looked like a greatly enlarged plant shoot and, because of this magnification, also recalled the feminine bosom. Since primitive peoples usually associated the idea of fecundity with the function of the breast, a double symbolism resulted.

Engraving on the objects the figures of animals that helped the farmer by eating his eternal enemies, or of species like the frog that were closely connected with rain-making practices, increased their effectiveness. As time passed and the cult developed, manlike figures were used; these were taken from native mythology and probably represented the spirits of adverse natural phenomena like cyclones and floods.

The development of the cult involved elaboration of the two basic practices of primitive magic: courting the favor of friendly powers with offerings and praise, and driving away evil powers with verbal formulas.

In an effort to win over the spirit of the stone lizard once and for all, the artist took the trouble to decorate the fetish profusely, filling the empty spaces with concentric circles, a labyrinth of lines, or simple frets of doubtful taste. There is reason to believe that some of these objects were embellished with gold and semiprecious stones, although no examples have come down to us, and offerings of food and fragrant resins may have been made in the Antilles.

The verbal formulas have not come down to us either, but the fact that some of the fetishes portray hutias and other preying animals points to their existence. Such creatures could only have been considered useful to the farmer after their destructive faculties had been neutralized by magic processes.

All this is not conjecture. Europeans who arrived in the islands during the sixteenth century wrote detailed accounts of the natives' customs. Fray Pane, for instance, described the idols and noted that the Indians "believe they make the plants grow." And scientists of modern times have made a thorough study of the subject. Historians have carefully reconstructed the story of those ancient peoples; archeologists have vouched for the authenticity of the surviving remnants of their handicraft; ethnologists have plumbed the mysteries of animism and sympathetic magic; herpetologists have identified the reptiles pictured on the idols; entomologists have examined the stomachs of these species to discover what insects they eat; and agronomists have found out what crops were grown by those pre-Columbian tillers of the soil. Some of the gaps in the picture have been filled in by studying primitive groups in other parts of the world with similar beliefs and economies.

There is no doubt that the fertility idols were part of a whole cult in the Garden of the Gods—the cult of domesticated plants. In the faraway days when agriculture was in its infancy on the Caribbean Islands, these strange magic fertilizers stood between the farmer and the unknown.

RADIO AND RECORDS

PAN AMERICAN PARTY

Wednesday, 11:30 p.m. EST
American Broadcasting Company
For further details, consult your local newspapers, or call your local ABC station.

PAN AMERICAN SERENADES

Continental FM
For further details, consult your local newspapers, or call your local Continental FM station.

PAN AMERICAN RECORD SHOW

Wednesday, 8:30 p.m. EST
Continental FM

PANAMERICANA

Saturday, 5:05 p.m. EST
WGMS, Washington, D. C.
570 kcs.—103.5 megs.

■ Two *danzones* were released this month by Victor. They are the modern versions, with singing added, of two old *danzones* that were popular in the early 'thirties. The *danzón* might be quickly described as the Cuban dance that became popular in the 'nineties. It usually has a brief introduction that brings out a few bars from the main theme, plus one or two *segundas* (or second parts) which may or may not be original melodies and are in so-called bolero tempo. It winds up with a lively rumba in which, in the old days, the trumpet tried to perform at its best. In some orchestras the flute takes the trumpet part, with violins and reeds for the *segunda*. In these two *danzones* the main themes are taken from an old melody, *Virgen de Regla*, arranged by Pablo O'Farril, and from *Las Cuatro Milpas*, arranged by the famed *danzón* player Antonio María Romeu. The performers constitute an array of talent that virtually makes up a large orchestra: Orquesta Almendra of Abelardito Valdés, Luisito Plá and his Guaracheros de Oriente, and Dominica Verjes. The record is a wonderful contribution to the album of musical memories of the Caribbean, for the *danzón* is fast disappearing. **VIRGEN DE REGLA, LAS CUATRO MILPAS**, Victor 23-5591.

■ Agustín Lara is ever present in the monthly releases of recordings and this time Decca brings out, in modern style, two of Lara's best boleros, sung by the Hermanas Pallais of Mexico. **PIENSA EN MI, CADA NOCHE UN AMOR**, Decca 10575.

■ On the mambo front, we are happy to welcome a Tico release of two mambos arranged by Tito Puente, the Manhattan Latin who is generally known as the King of the Drums, with vocal by Vicentico Valdés. Very lively and modern, with a celesta effect that is very appealing. **MAMBO EN VIBES, POR LA MAÑANA**, Tico 10-087.

■ We hear from the genial Puerto Rican Johnny Rodríguez and his trio in a release of a *porro-guaracha* and a bolero in the highly danceable Johnny Rodríguez style. **NI QUITO NI PONGO, TEMOR DE TI**, Verne V-028.

■ With Noro Morales back in the Columbia fold, the maestro of the great piano improvisations gives us two samples of his versatile style in a piano and percussion rendition of the samba *Glorita* and a rather surprising rumba version of that old favorite *The Saint Louis Blues*. Columbia 6694.

■ Eduardo Durán, *El Gaucho*, recorded for Symphony this month a sentimental ballad and a straight bolero, both with guitar accompaniment and a certain air of sentimental *milonga* that is the characteristic of his singing. **EL POEMA DEL RENUNCIAMIENTO, VIDA GRIS**, Symphony 113.

■ For the best *guaracha* of the month we recommend Seeco's release of *Ritmo, Tambó y Flores* with Celia Cruz and the Sonora Matancera. On the opposite side is *Eleguá Quiere Tambó*, an Afro number by the same artists. Seeco 7134.

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 47



1. The famous American looking out over Philadelphia from the tower of City Hall is Simón Bolívar, Benjamin Franklin, José de San Martín, or William Penn?

2. This National Congress building is located in a city noted for its good air. Is it the capital of the United States, Cuba, Uruguay, or Argentina?



3. Yucatan's main money crop is this spiky plant, the fibers of which are used in making rope and twine. Is it henequen, kenaf, abacá, or jute?



4. Huge *peroba* trees grow profusely in the hinterland, and are used for building and firewood, in a Latin American country which in 1950 was the world's seventh largest exporting nation. Is it Peru, Brazil, Panama, or Mexico?



5. In addition to being the capital of Costa Rica, San José is a U.S. city in this state. From its silhouette, do you know the state's name?



6. Is this flag, with its design based on a decree issued by General Bernardo O'Higgins and a star inspired by the pennants of local Indians, Chilean, Cuban, Texan, or Honduran?



7. Skiers look over a run in a country famous for high altitude. Is it Bolivia, Canada, Brazil, or Argentina?



8. Are these typical objects of Paraguayan culture the *claves* and *maracas* of a dance band, the *mate* and *bombilla* for tea drinking, or the blowgun and poison pouch of aboriginal natives?



9. This conquistador founded the city of San Francisco de Quito, Ecuador. Is he Magellan, Cortés, Belalcázar, or Balboa?



10. Fellow in Canada's Yukon Territory is washing dishes, prospecting for uranium, panning for gold, or sifting diamonds?



WRITERS' WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 20)

house, clean as a pin, and with an unmistakable atmosphere of contentment and happiness. Even the family cat looked well-fed and satisfied.

Chávez' wife came out to greet us, a lovely, graceful young woman carrying a baby. Two other children, Mariaelena and Ignacio, tagged along, obviously in a state of excitement at the sudden influx of visitors. In the dining room having her lunch sat the teacher's dignified, seventy-four-year-old mother, to whom the novel was dedicated.

Chávez, we learned, was in Mexico City taking courses at the normal school to prepare for superintending the high school he had recently opened. Happily, he was only thirty-two years old and therefore eligible for a fellowship. I asked Felipe if he would mind breaking the glad



Writing Center students find plenty of local color in Mexico's contrasts: left, the ancient in historic Guanajuato, and right, the modern in the capital's skyscrapers

news to the family while I wandered into the lush tropical garden at the back of the house.

"And how did they receive the news, Felipe?" I asked afterward. "It was wonderful, Mr. Brickell," he answered, "because they both looked and acted as if they were not at all surprised—in fact, as if they expected it—perfectly certain of the talent of the man of the house."

After a delicious luncheon in the market place of Tepecuacuilco, we visited the beautiful small baroque church, with a façade curiously reminiscent of St. Etienne du Mont in Paris where St. Genevieve sleeps. Then we set off on the return journey, survived three terrific cloudbursts, and arrived at nightfall with our welcome news.

On Monday, Magaña and I went to find Chávez. He turned out to be a handsome young man with unusual charm and a fine sense of humor. One of the first Guerrero sayings he quoted to me was "*Para todo mal,*



Some of Scholarship Committee members and winners: Brickell (left at end of table), "discovery" Chávez, playwright Carballido, novelist Magaña, Chairman Reyes, poet Bonifaz. Girl unidentified

mezcal: para todo bien, también," which means, roughly: "When everything goes wrong, turn to liquor; when things go well, do the same."

Carballido's comment on Chávez was: "Exactly what the best provincials in Mexico are and ought to be." At Miss Shedd's home, our new discovery told us folktales of his province that were enchanting not only because of their freshness but because he is a natural-born story teller.

His novel was finished some three years ago, but the 2,000 pesos (about \$230 U.S.) needed for publication were beyond the small financial resources of a rural school teacher. Now plans are under way for its early translation into English, and several of the leading New York publishers have expressed keen interest in it.

Chávez is already at work on another novel, based on the life of a rural teacher, and has further plans for long fiction. We discussed the possibility of a book of Guerrero folktales, which would be a real contribution since the province is unusually rich in legends and folksongs.

Carballido has visited the United States and speaks English fluently. The other fellowship holders have a reasonable mastery of the language. Xirau, especially, is a first-rate linguist, so there has been no difficulty with classes at the Writing Center, most of which are conducted in English.

Miss Shedd and I both feel that these young writers will derive distinct benefits from the classes at the Center and from their personal contacts with the North Americans studying there. Like many of us who have lived and worked in Latin America she knows that the continent is filled with young writers who do not always realize their full possibilities because of the general lack of opportunity for publication.

Miss Shedd also believes—and I could not agree more heartily—that the young U.S. students at the Center will richly benefit from their association with their gifted Mexican colleagues. "I think it is easy to see," she says, "why our people are glad to live and work in Mexico



Bright, sunny patio at Mexico City College is meeting place for students, Mexican and U.S. alike

for a while. They go home knowing more about themselves because they know something about their friends the Mexicans, who are so different from themselves."

I sat in on a number of the classes at the Writing Center during my two busy weeks in Mexico and found the work of a high order, matched against my own long experience in teaching at writers' conferences and in the teaching of creative writing generally.

The Rockefeller Foundation has already indicated its satisfaction with the result of the first year's competition, and has suggested its willingness to continue the operation over a period of at least three years, perhaps longer. If by some magic the experiment could be made Pan American in scope, many good young writers from other Latin American countries might have the privilege of attending the Center and living for a time in Mexico, which is one of the few countries left where living is not only agreeable, but relatively inexpensive. Inestimable benefits might be derived, not only from the literary point of view, but in a general improvement of understanding north and south.

Margaret Shedd and the Rockefeller Foundation have together really started something. The possibilities are thrilling—and unlimited.

Answers to Quiz on page 45

1. William Penn
2. Buenos Aires ("Good Air"), Argentina
3. Henequen
4. Brazil
5. California
6. Chilean
7. Bolivia
8. The *mate* and *bombilla* for tea drinking
9. Belalcázar
10. Panning for gold

ANDEAN BACKWATERS

(Continued from page 15)

Bonaventure, and Rose of Lima.

The last day, traveling from Chacas to Chancos, I finally crossed the Divide. Starting before dawn, I climbed toward the snowy pass under thick clouds. The threat of a storm hung close, then faded. Still nothing but mist could be seen at the momentous point of transfer from Atlantic to Pacific watershed. I passed two slow cargo trains of donkeys, the first laden with lead, the second with coca leaves. My welcome at the trail's end was a warm mineral-spring bath.

As my guide from Maribamba Hacienda hurried away to the Indian community of Vicos, withdrawing again from contact with the outside world, I looked back over the past nineteen days. Several things stood out vividly. For example, the Quechua byword of fun and friendship which I had heard over and over: "*Upúrcushun huerjosacuna*," meaning "Let's drink, gentlemen." Then there was the invitation to dance in the Quechua of Chavín de Parí: "*Yárgamuy cuyamarga*"—"Come on, if it's I you want." There was even my new familiarity with *oregano* and *llumpu caña*, herbs I had learned to use as an antidote for sudden stomach ailments. But perhaps two more complex memories were the strongest. One was of the solid sense of sufficiency in that life of colonial remoteness, still beyond reach of a mechanized age. The other was of the Marañón—alone, secret, supreme, beyond reach of any age.

GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 3, 4 Courtesy Uruguayan Embassy
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- 18 From *Aborígenes de Porto Rico* (3)
- 20 Mexico City College Collegian
- 21, 22, 23 George Pickow, Three Lions
- 24 From *Around the Pan*, by Thomas Fleming (3)
- 25 From *The Pan-American and Its Midway*
- 26 From *Snap Shots on the Midway* (8)
- 27 From *The Pan-American and Its Midway* (2)—From *Around the Pan*—From *With Pen and Camera at the Pan American Exposition*, Buffalo, N. Y.—From *Official Catalogue of the Mexican Exhibit*
- 28 From *Snap Shots on the Midway*—From *Chile at the Pan American Exposition*—From *With Pen and Camera*
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- 46 Samuel A. Montague (2)—Mexico City College Collegian
- 47 Mary A. Eades
- Inside back cover G. H. MacDougall

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SPEAKING FRANKLY

Dear Sir:

After reading the article "No Culture in the U.S.A.?" [November English AMERICAS], it occurs to me that you will undoubtedly receive many replies to the concepts expressed by the distinguished Columbia University professor [Irwin Edman]. In a desire to stimulate an increasing current of understanding among the peoples of the two Americas—an effort to which AMERICAS contributes a great deal—I venture to present my own, encouraged by a stay of nearly seven years in this country and by the fact that my opinions are a typical Latin's reaction to Professor Edman's statements. I want to emphasize my being "typical," for I do not pretend to the professional level of an educator and philosopher.

Let me point out that Professor Edman includes all Brazilians (and by inference all Latin Americans) among those lacking in awareness of the existence of culture in the United States. It seems to me that in stating that there are very few Latins who know the truth about North America, he should have made a distinction between the so-called cultured class and the poor. The cultured class, which is also the well-to-do class, has greater opportunities to learn about these things; the poor—who are by far the majority—always try, in spite of the restrictions imposed by poverty, to keep up with the latest news. I am sure that if the author had cultivated the latter more assiduously than the former, his opinion would not have been so sweeping.

Professor Edman says in his article: "It is hard to take the charge of illiteracy with equanimity from a nation in which countless millions, indeed a majority of the population, are still illiterate." He's not telling us anything new. Any Latin American is familiar with the backwardness of our masses. But does the average North American know us? I think not. Here, I believe, we Latins have more reason to complain than our northern neighbors. The very fact that our peoples do not know how to read and write (it's not their fault) excuses their ignorance in this matter. But how can we explain ignorance of Latin American affairs in the land of Uncle Sam?

Obviously, I don't mean the ignorance of North Americans in general—I don't know them all. But that such ignorance exists is evident. It is probably rooted in indifference, until recent years, toward what concerned Latin America. The eyes of the United States, like those of Latin America, have almost always been turned to Europe. The economic and financial importance of our countries was recognized only about two decades ago, when our peoples began to chafe under the blunders of dollar diplomacy and armed intervention. Thanks to the foresight of an intelligent leader, a new phase began in the relations between the Colossus of the North and its weak neighbors to the south.

Still, the Good Neighbor Policy has not lived up to expectations. It lacks dynamism. Once the emergency created by the last war was over, the program was neglected and almost abandoned. But if the United States hopes to win the sympathy and support of our peoples, it must greatly broaden its campaign of cultural diffusion in Latin America.

Similarly, interest in our countries among North Americans must be intensified. The tremendous circulation of newspapers and magazines in this country makes them a powerful vehicle of culture and propaganda. Through them the cultural advances (there are some), the social aspirations, the thinking of our peoples might be spread abroad. When one considers that at present, in the capital of the United States, only one of the four major dailies devotes even a single column to news about Latin America and another contents itself with a weekly article, one's disillusion is as great as or greater than that experienced by Dr. Edman. Is it acceptable for a newspaper whose use of paper in one day exceeds the annual use of some of its Latin American colleagues, to overlook affairs concerning Latin America? The statement that the only time news about us is published is when we have revolutions or earthquakes is not far from the truth. [See "Editors' Blind Spot," by Harry B. Murkland, in the May

1949 AMERICAS.] Of course there are exceptions, but not many. The same might be said of the magazines, though some try to remedy the lack with Latin American editions. But these too are the minority.

This shortage becomes even more deplorable when one realizes the enormous waste of valuable newsprint on commercial propaganda. I don't think I am exaggerating when I say that in an ordinary newspaper edition of from forty to sixty pages, two thirds are entirely devoted to advertising. Let the publishers and well-intentioned persons say what they will, commercialism is one of the most salient defects of U.S. culture. Advertising has been made a fetish or totem whose influence is felt in all the individual's activities. Perhaps this may be one of the defects of the free-enterprise system. But it is not my intention to analyze its defects or advantages. I am sure that many, including North Americans themselves, agree with me that anything done to excess is a vice, not a virtue.

What we Latin Americans admire in North America is the never-sufficiently-pondered freedom. It is a product—intangible, to be sure—whose export to oppressed peoples, not only in our Hemisphere but all over the world, should be free and continuous. The fact that any citizen in the land of Washington and Lincoln can express his ideas and practice the religion of his choice is the best reward of U.S. democracy.

In no other country, ancient or modern, has there been such respect for human rights. Perhaps in the Inca Empire the individual enjoyed equivalent rights or liberties, or at least did not suffer hunger or slavery, but apart from this one case, now lost in history, I dare say no other social system tries so hard to achieve the well-being and happiness of its members. This simple fact is enough to place the United States at the head of nations in the search for peace and happiness. We Latin Americans cherish the same ideals and hopes. The land of Jefferson, Hamilton, and countless other leaders can help its Latin American sister countries toward the future that awaits them.

Modesto Lucero
Washington, D.C.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Dear Sirs:

I have read with much pleasure Betty Wilson's review of my book *Reportaje a Nueva York* [AMERICAS, September 1951], in which she expresses some good-humored doubts about the fact that it cost me five dollars in New York to ask for an address. Cross my heart and hope to die, I swear it's the truth. But, so what? My affection for New York and the United States is patent in the rest of the book, including the episode that follows the one about the five dollars.

José Blanco Amor
Buenos Aires, Argentina

MAIL BAG

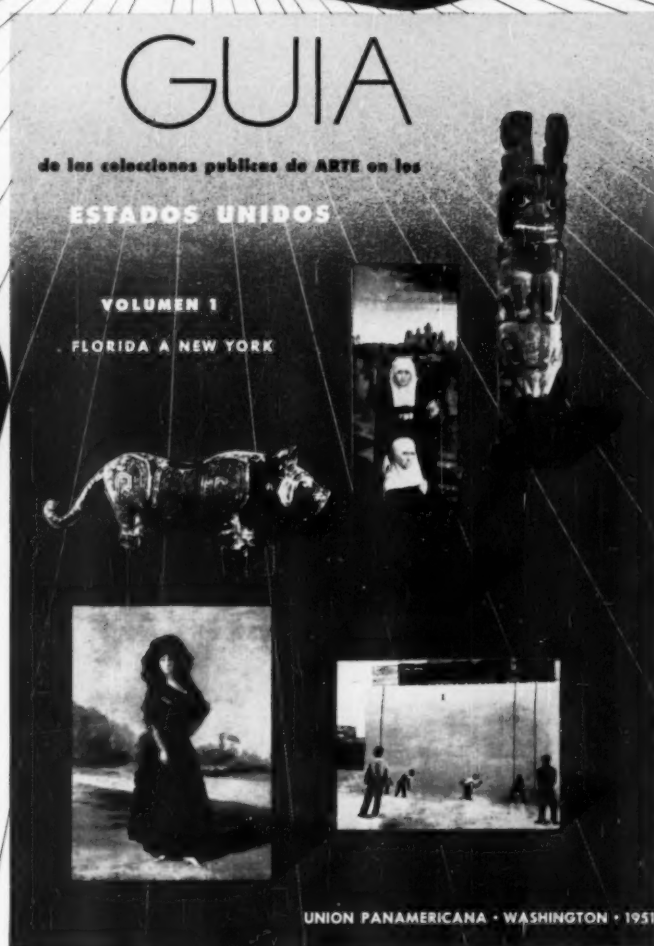
The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses:

Reinaldo Alvarez
São 33
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Cuba

Brian Daly
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Corfield, North Queensland
Australia

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